

petersen's

CYCLE toons

02393

APRIL 1972

50c



Cycle Chix One

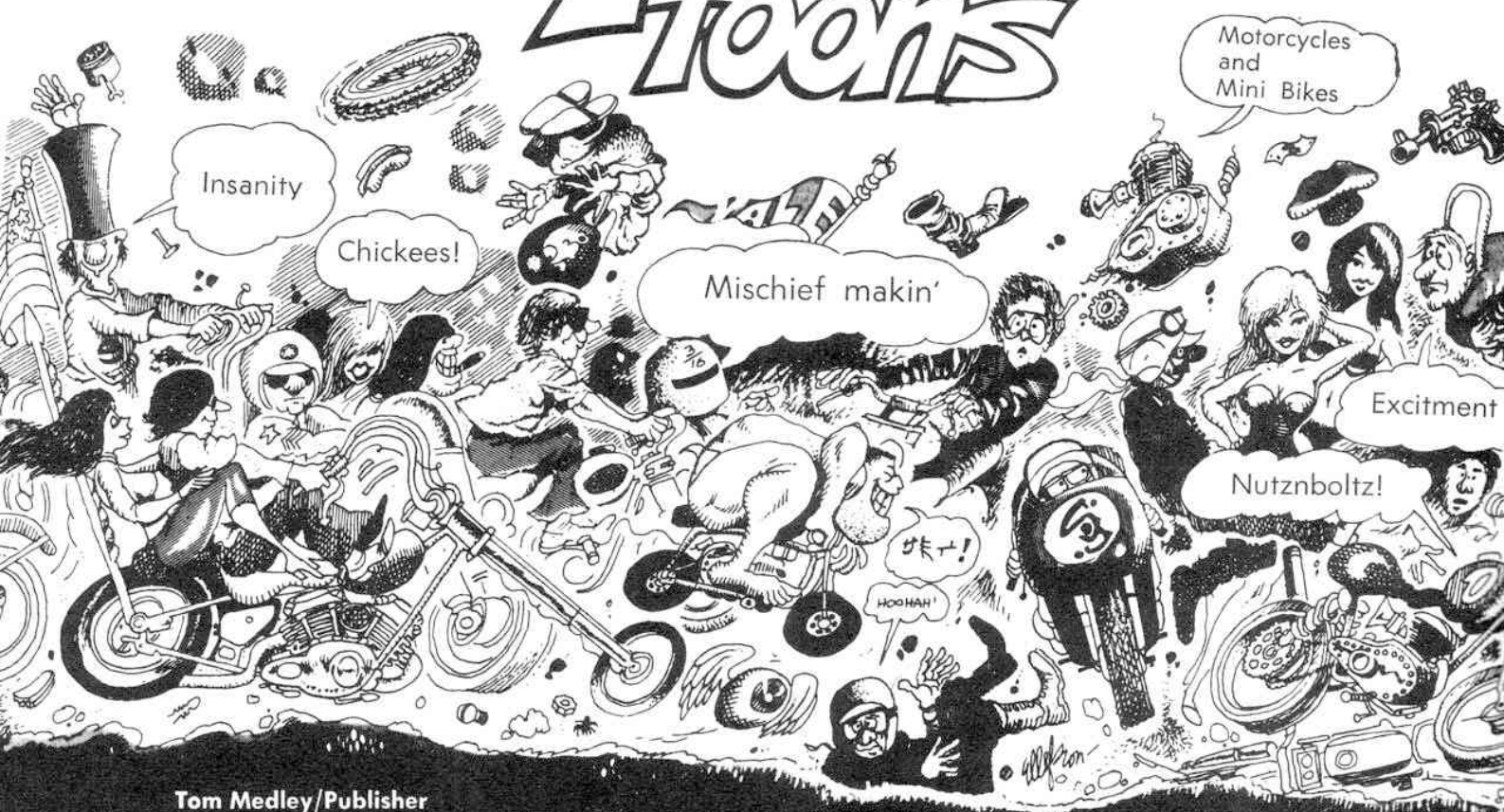
Lynn Rosenthal



50¢

April

CYCLE toons



Tom Medley/Publisher

Dennis Ellefson, One or more of the following: Editor, head worry wart, paste up man and or boy, art director (such as it is) chief buyer, morale advisor, sometime picture drawer, chair warmer, typewriter ribbon changer, good listener, friend to the needy, rager against the dying of the light, sometimes quasi poet, sometime motorcycle rider, angry, bitter, happy, ersatz personage, anti-diluvian, filled with remorse, misunderstood, mystical gypsy, aquarius with rent rising, and spiffy, babes spiffy.

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Front Cover: Thompson, Bruno, Mueller.

Dear Spoke Ups

Address all:
Kudos, Correspondence,
Love and Kisses, Bombs,
Gripes, Threats, Ransom
notes, Hate Mail, Junk
Mail, Throw aways, I want
a Girl/Boy Letters,
Suggestions, or whatever
else you'd like to:
SPOKE UPS
8490 Sunset Blvd.
Hollywood, Calif. 90069



SURPRISE!! If you're wondering where all the letters that are found in this section are, we are here to tell you! It seems that most of the letters we get could have been written by the same person! They don't really tell us what you are interested in. It seems that this column has turned into one big lonely hearts thing and that is not what we feel it should be. We feel that the letters should reflect something to do with cycles or how you feel about them, the sport or the book in general. Of course everyone would like to write to a guy or some foxy chick, but that should be only a part of the "Dear Spoke Ups". So, for this issue we are knocking off the letters (with exception of those on the following page, that are an example of what we'd like to see) in hopes that our letters page can again become interesting. If you desire to correspond then let us know and we will put a key mark next to your letter and other readers will be able to get in touch with you. Let's see some cards and letters!

Thanks
The Editors, CYCLEtoons

These letters are some that we received in the past and feel are of interest, let them be an example! HOOHAH!

Hiya, Hiya dudes: Just finished your December pile of papers and it ain't bad stuff. Hogg Ryder is goin' down hill and cycle chix is on its way up. I race in the local Motocross races, and if there's any 4'9" up girls that are 13 up, please write a lonely Moto rider. I'm blond, 13 years old and 5 ft. tall, send pic. HONDAS rule!

JOHN BURBACH

2538 Pariare Rd.

Colorado Springs, Colo. 80909

Don't tell the ol' poop that or he'll invade the cycle chix page!

Like Wow, Man: I just read your April ish of CYCLEtoons, and thought I would write to tell you to keep up the good work. The real reason that I am writing this letter is to let all those Choppers and Harley trike ryders know that I have a 1967 BMW just as good as any Harley, now don't get me wrong, I digs all cycles, but there is BMW. That is the one I have. Will run a Harley necklet. I know because I have did it. You see, I started riding young, when I was only 16, now I am 47, with lots of experience of riding. They used to have only one good motorcycle, that was a Harley. But now, they have all kinds of good ones, and my thing, is the BMW. Which is just as good as a Harley, and will go just as fast as a Harley. I am nuts about it, that is, my BMW. So Chopper lover, and Hogg lover, wants to try me and my BMW, I just can't wait until someone tries to beat me. With any cycle, this is not just talk, I will back it up, yes we will. BMW and me, me, me, me. Right now, I am in jail, with one year to go. But next year around this time I will be ready. So to all Choppers, and Hogg lovers, keep the good work going. I hope to be with it next year, that is to say, I will be with it next Xmas. I want all of you Harley lovers and super groovy chix, Harley Lovers, to remember that I am with it. Really where it's at. So hang on Chicks, stay in there with the guys, keep them going strong.

EARLIE PERRY #96818

4000 Cooper Street

Jackson, Mich. 49201

Just want to say your mag is great. I presently ride a 250 Suzuki that'll wipe out those Kawasakis, even though it's got 10,000 miles, a broken ring, and a leaking crankcase. Next year I plan to get a Norton Commando, you know, the bike with no vibration. King of the road! I'm 17 and anybody wanting to write, be my guest.

MILAN

49 Pine Glen Crescent

Ottawa, Canada

Hi guys, I just got thru reading your Feb. ish and the Spoke Ups. I'm going to say what I feel so watch out, world. Especially the dude called Dick Jorgensen. He tried to put you guys down but he ended up putting himself a lot lower. He didn't even put his address down. Too bad or else I'd write to him so's I could chew him out and clue him in. Oh well, nuff said bout that weird one. I'm going to write to all those guys overseas. You hear that, fellows? You can write to me, if you want to. I'm 16, have long brown hair and brown peeps. Oh, yeah, forgot to say I'm a female all the way, chillun. I think you have a really right on mag going for you. Love Hogg Ryder and I dig on those Two Reelers. I just don't groove on those Cycle Chix for some reason. Hope to hear from some of you dudes! Peace, love and a hubba hubba.

DEBBIE KINSCH

1200 West 37

Topeka, Kan. 66611

Just got done reading your Feb. issue of CYCLEtoons. I consider it very interesting because of the fact that it depicts some of the humorous aspects of motorcycling in our society today. I feel there is nothing more fruitful after a tired day of biting exhaust smoke than to sit down before I eat supper and indulge in reading your fantastic magazine. I am the sole owner of a Honda 305 Scrambler, which I consider to be one of the better bikes on today's highways. I am studying Mechanical Engineering at Ohio University and next year when I graduate, I wish to redesign and rebuild a Honda 450 into one of the most fantastic choppers ever produced. I would like to then tour the U.S.A. before going into the Selective Service. To make this huge trek across our country I feel the Honda 450 with its dual overhead cam will cut it superbly. But alas, before I go, if there is any girl out in the audience that would like to write to a brown haired boy that weighs 155 lbs. that grooves on motorcycles and girls, then write.

DAVID DUNNIE

Bush Hall 236

Ohio University

Athens, Ohio 45701

Sirs: Just finished reading the Dec. issue of CYCLEtoons and it's really cool. You ought to give Hogg Ryder more of a chance. Let him win over Old Poop once in a while. What I thought was cool was Mini-James (Pg. 25), Two-Reelers (Pg. 35) and Scarlet Streak (Pg. 38). Keep up the good work. Also, any girls 14-16 that would like to write to a 16 yr. old, 5'7" Floridian, feel free. Hondas forever.

LEE S. JANET III

139 Audrey Circle N.W.

Ford Walton Beach,

Florida 32548

My birthday was May 29th, but I'm still celebrating it. I never heard of the magazine CYCLEtoons. I parked my bike in front of this magazine store and decided to browse a bit. The minute I saw the title CYCLEtoons, I screamed out Wow! I grabbed it, ran over to the cashier, paid for it, hopped on my bike and went home and read it six times. Man, it's really out-a-site. By the way, girls, drop me a line or two. My nickname is White Cloud, I ride a 1956 Harley Davidson three wheeler.

EDDIE WARD

117 Harbor St.

Lynn, Mass. 01902

The story by Dave Baer in your December issue is more truth than fiction. I spent a lot of nights in the Ascot pits during T.T. races a few years ago. That's just about the way things went everytime. Your mag is really great. Keep things like they are and you'll have me hooked for life.

VICTOR

P.O. Box 15093

Alex, Va. 22309

P.S. Ever try an Indian leaf spring front-end (that's been extended) on a stock rigid frame H-D? Some kinda right. Makes the bike look like its gotta kick-out, only it doesn't. Real clean!

I picked up your magazine by mistake last week, and WOW, do I dig it. I did a whole new trip. That was a real far-out Santa, I think I'll stay up and rap with him this Christmas. I really dig bikes. There's nothing better than riding on choppers. It's good for whatever ails you. I love the feel of the wind blowing in my face, and my hair blowing in the wind. I got a lot of laughs out of your mag, it's really a far-out trip. Keep up the good work. I really dug reading the Spoke Ups. I'd like anybody who digs long hair (especially on boys), heavy music, and people, to write. So anyone who could dig writing to a freaked-out chick, here's your chance. Please no cowboys or juice freaks. They blow my mind. Oh, yes, I just turned "19." Harleys ALL the way. Love and peace.

DELORES STEINMON

255 Pine Street

Othello, Wash.

I dig your issue of April '70. It is the grooviest mag. Hogg Ryder, the Mini pages, Scarlet Streak, and Space Out is groovy but Webley-Vickers Belt Brute "700" is on the beat. I dig your groovy setup. Everything is in style for me. I am 12 but I plan on getting a Honda Mini cycle when I am 13. I am planning on trying to make a Belt Brute. The cool setups are with the pipes. It is the best one I've seen yet. You ought to put the groovy cat in "Space Out" on one. When I get a Belt Brute I am going to put pipes on it just like the one in the picture and you might have to shake the fuzz off my trail a lot of times. Any groovy chicks who are from 12-13 who are interested in a lonely cat of the age of 12, write a few lines.

PAUL JONES

P.O. Box 594

Angie, La.

And . . . on the same day we wrote this, the following letter came in

I have just finished the February copy of CYCLEtoons and I had to write about a statement made on page 6 in the Spoke Ups column. You said you didn't want the Spoke Ups column to be a lonelyhearts club. I understand your point and I don't think young people like myself are trying to take advantage of it. Do you realize just how many honest-to-goodness lonely people there are in this world? Well if you haven't noticed, look out a window. Don't get me wrong, I'm not putting this mag down one bit, but I feel like the voice of youth should and someday will be heard. Oh yea, you want to know something else? The reason I started buying CYCLEtoons was because I was trying to find an honest lonely chick and I started reading and I really like the whole darn thing. I'm just saying don't knock a good thing, and I'm sure there's a lot of other people that feel the same way. I don't care if you put this in the Spoke Ups column or not. I just wanted you to know how some of your fans feel. Thank you for your time and thought.

TOMMY OWEN
337 Player Street
Newberry, South Carolina

To which we replied...

A very good letter Tommy, We are aware that the World is full of lonely people and as we said on the other page, we wouldn't knock off those writing to get correspondence. But again we'd like to see letters that have more to say than just "I want a Boy/Girl". You say in your letter that you want us to know how some of our fans feel, well, Tommy that's the whole idea . . . we want to know how you, the reader feel about whatever direction CYCLEtoons should take. Thank you for your letter and the time and thought.

The Editors



... On second thought, I think I'll walk down!

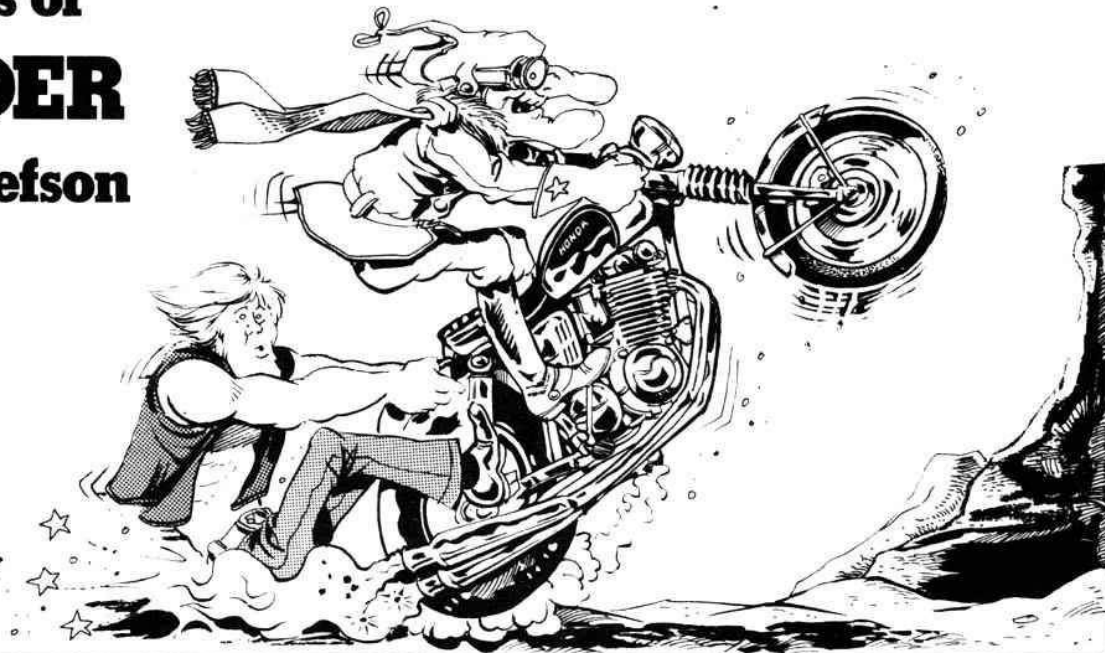


Two Reelers

The Adventures of **HOGG RYDER**

By **Dennis Ellefson**
and
Bob Taylor

Story suggested
by **Dale Boller**

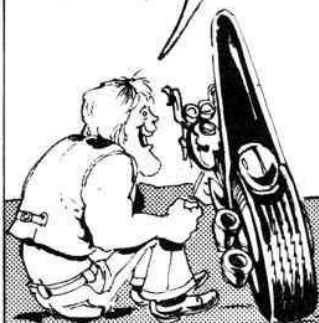


WORKING ON THE OL' WEB-
VIC FOR A BIG TRIP TO
DWARFT BUTTE—YES,
GANG, THIS LITTLE, SILLY
LIGHT-HEARTED TALE IS
GONNA BE AN ALL TIME
MIND BLOWER! ...

WHY, YOU ASK? WELL,
KIDDIES AND OLDSTERS
ALIKE—I'M TAKING
YOU—THE READER—
WITH ME TO ...

A ROCK
FESTIVAL!

BUT NOT
JUST ANY
ROCK FEST!



THINK OF IT, GANG! ... A
ROCK FESTIVAL OF SUPER
PROPORTIONS—IT WILL BE
BIGGER THAN WOODSTOCK!...
HERE'S JUST A FEW OF THE
HUNDREDS OF THE GROUPS
AND STARS THAT'LL
BE THERE ...

... TRAFFIC, THE WHO, BOB
TAYLOR—(A COUSIN OF
JAMES TAYLOR), DYLAN, LEON
RUSSEL, GRAND FUNK, JOHN
AND YOKO, PAUL AND LINDA,
CAROL KING, CAT STEVENS,
DON McLEAN, ELTON JOHN,
JOAN BAEZ, THE BEACH BOYS,
BLACK SABBATH, CHICAGO,
THE JEFFERSON AIRPLANE
(STARSHIP) ...

... NEW RIDERS OF THE PURPLE
SAGE, MELAINE, COMMANDER
CODY AND THE LOST PLANET AIR
MEN, SLY STONE, VAN MORRISON,
THE FACES, ROD STEWART, DION,
AND TOO MANY MORE
TO MENTION!



BUT FIRST, TO THE CAVE OF THE INCREDIBLE TANYA TO SEE IF BY ANY CHANCE SHE'LL GO WITH ME!

P-CAF!

VRAAPPP!

AND, AT THAT VERY MOMENT AT THE CAVE OF INCREDIBLE TANYA... SHE SPEAKS THOSE MAGIC WORDS...

I'M BORED!

WOMEN LIB

FLAVOIRE

LOVE OIL

BOB DYLAN WAS HERE

BUT WAIT! ALREADY I HEAR THE SOUND OF AN APPROACHING CYCLE! IS IT THE OL' POOP OR THAT BLOND DIM-BULB? -WHAT-HO! AS LONG AS SOMEBODY BREAKS THIS HUM DRUM!

OH POO-IT'S THE DIM-BULB!... OH WELL!

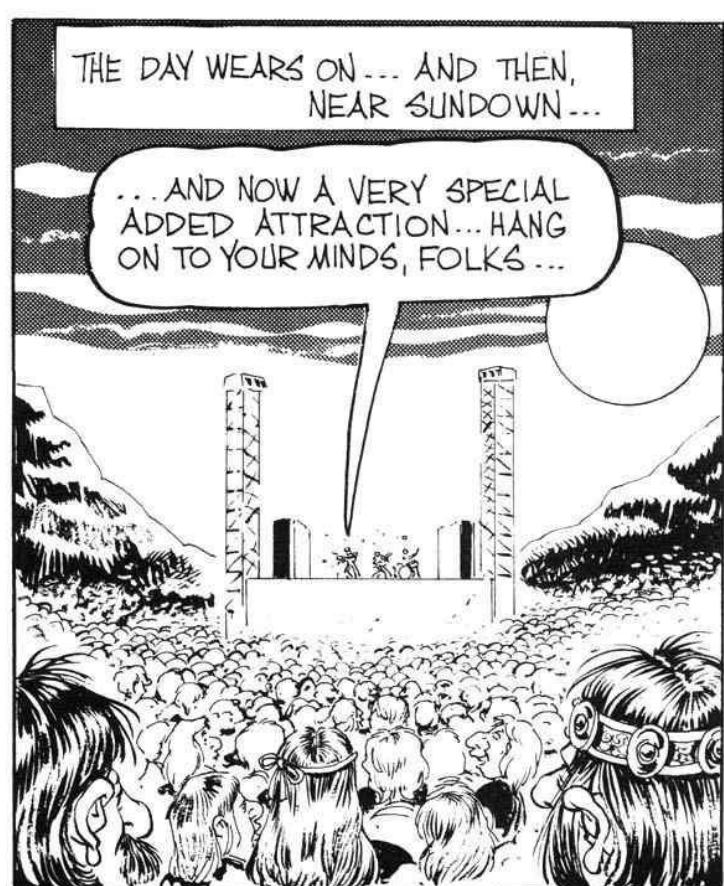
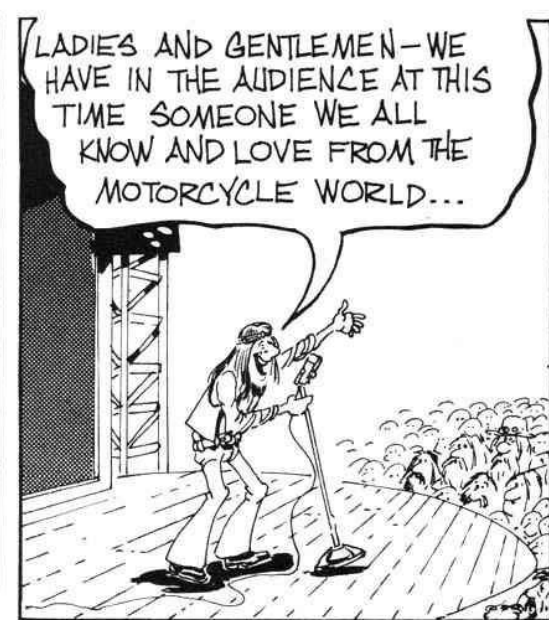
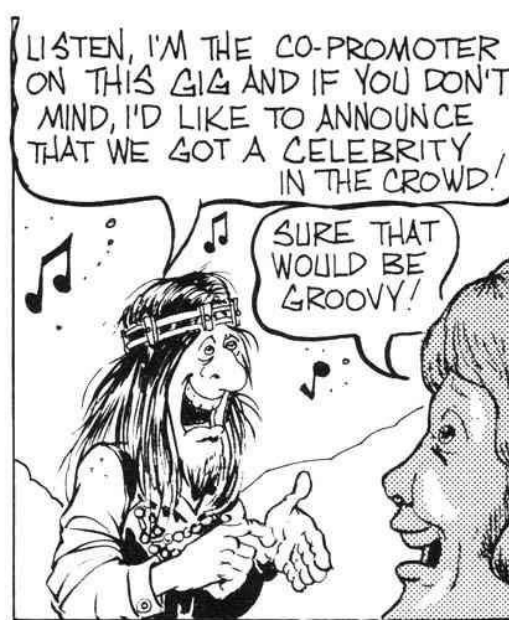
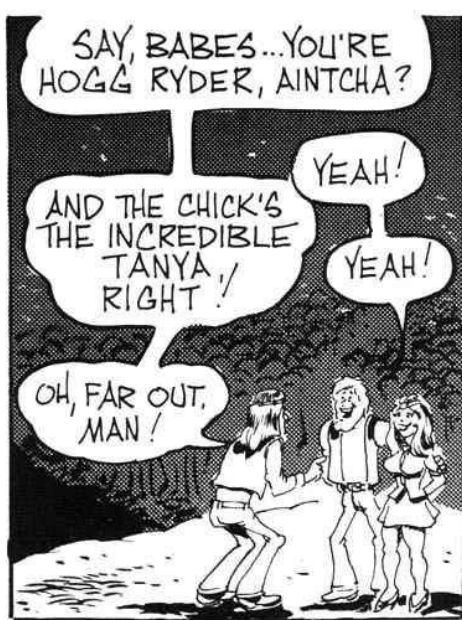
OHOO! HOGGTOONS! I WAS HOPING IT WAS YOU!

HOO-HAH!

I'M GOING TO THIS OUTTA SIGHT ROCK FESTIVAL AND I'D LIKE TO SQUIRE YOU - ALL THE BIG NAMES WILL BE THERE LIKE: TRAFFIC, THE WHO..

HOLD IT! I KNOW! I READ THE FIRST PAGE - THE ANSWER IS **YES!**





THE
OL' POOP!



TRANG!

HELP
STAMP
OUT
TOM
TOOT

HELP
I'm Being
Choked

*THIS IS CYCLETURNS ANSWER
TO A BANGLA-DESH CONCERT-

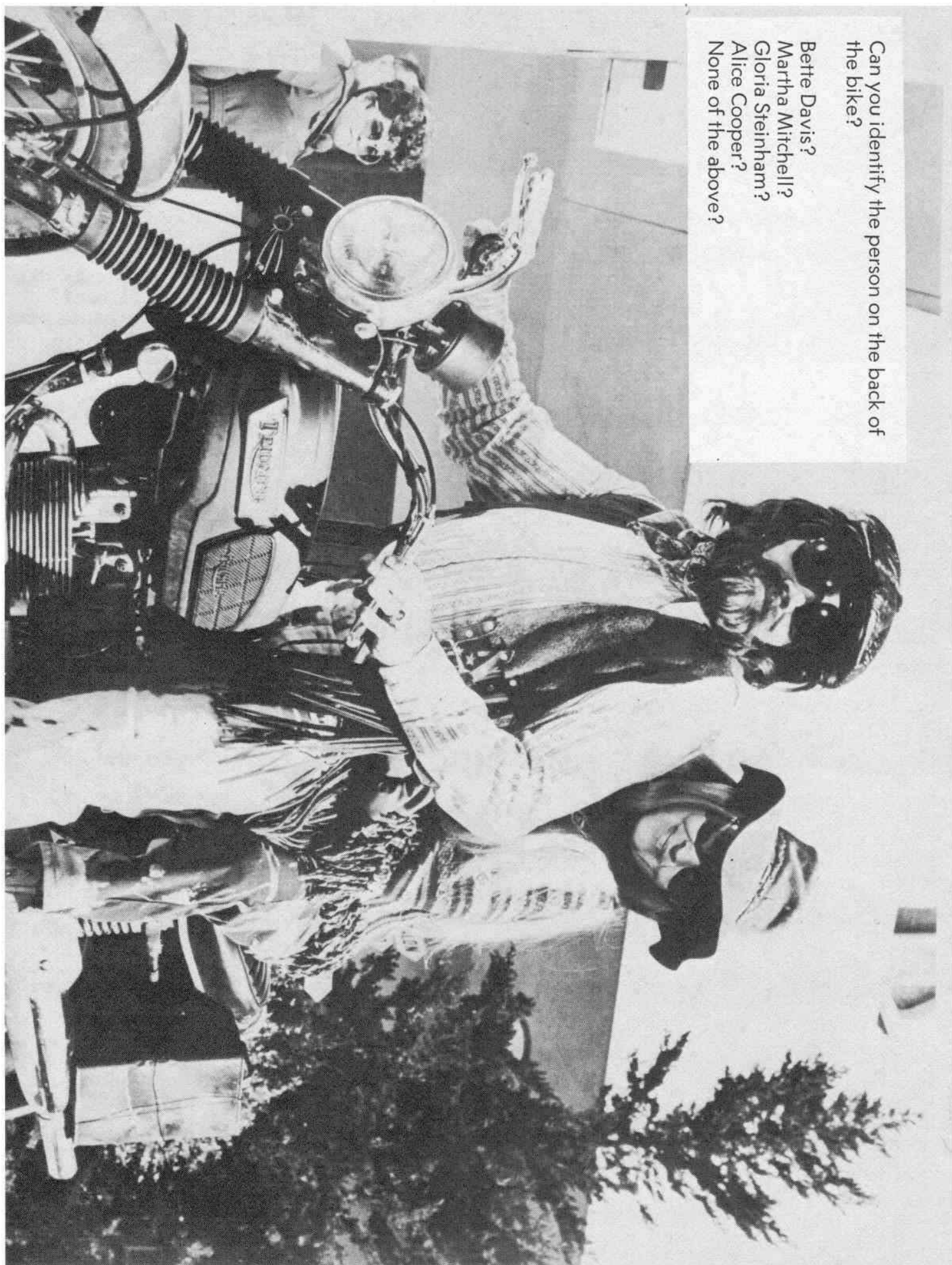


**THE
END!**

Two Reelers

Can you identify the person on the back of the bike?

Bette Davis?
Martha Mitchell?
Gloria Steinham?
Alice Cooper?
None of the above?



FIGURES!

WHADYA GONNA DO WITH MY OLD UNIFORM?

GIVIN' IT THE DEEP SIX!

WHY?.. IT'S AS GOOD AS NEW...

YOU THINKIN' ABOUT RE-ENLISTING?

WHADYA DO TO IT?.. IT DOESN'T FIT ANYMORE!

TWENTY YEARS IS A LONG TIME YOU KNOW!

HAS IT REALLY BEEN THAT LONG?.. SAY.. WHAT'S THIS?

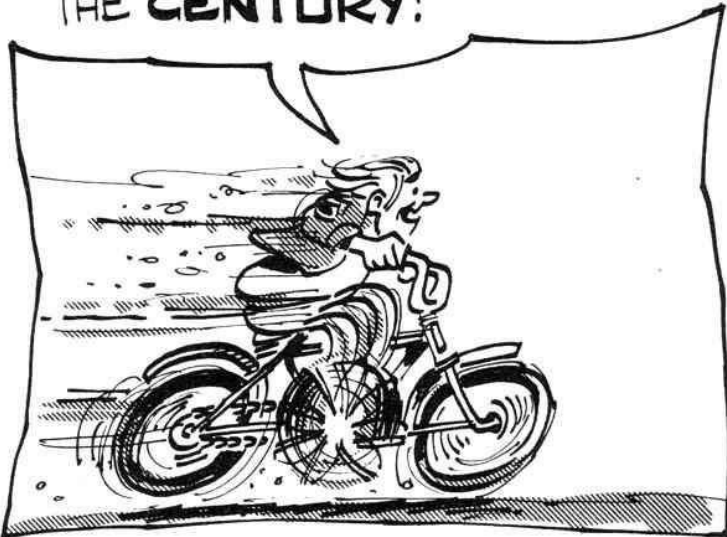
LOOKS LIKE A CLAIM CHECK...

NOW I REMEMBER.. I TOOK MY 74 IN FOR A NEW CLUTCH.. BUT I WAS DRAFTED BEFORE I COULD GET IT OUT...

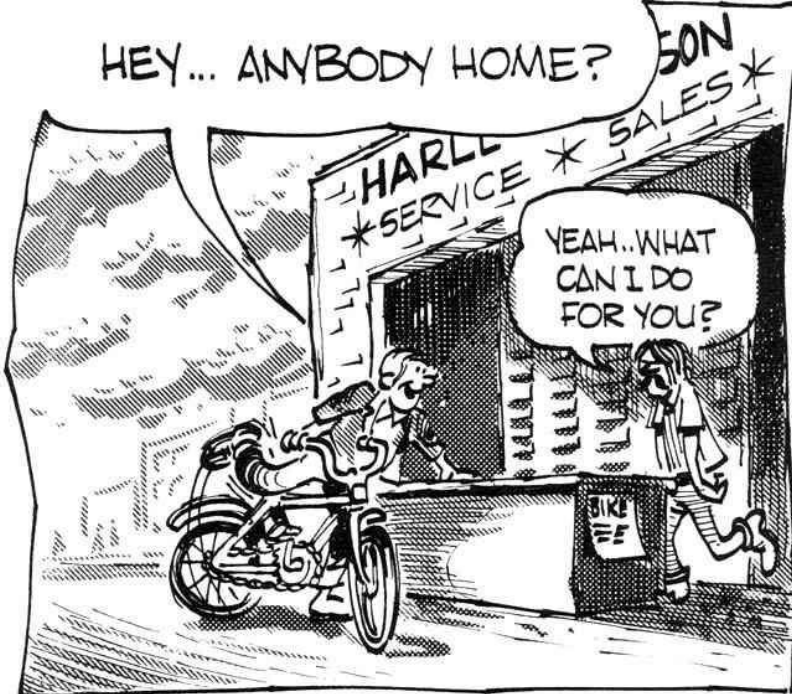
SON OF A GUN.. 'N ALL THIS TIME I THOUGHT MY MOTHER SOLD IT WHEN I WAS IN KOREA!

HARLEY DAVIDSON
CLAIM CHECK
NAME *Edm. W. Woot*
DATE *June 5, 1951*
No. 293717

THIS **SHOULD** RANK AS ONE
OF THE BIGGEST **FINDS** OF
THE **CENTURY!**



HEY... ANYBODY HOME?



YOU WON'T BELIEVE THIS...BUT
I'D LIKE TO PICK UP MY **HOG!**



WOW..AIN'T THIS SUMPTIN'?



OH BOY... OH BOY...



IT'LL BE READY
TOMORROW!



STRANGE BIRDS



WITH HIS COLLEAGUES LAUGHTER STILL RINGING IN HIS EARS, BYRON DEJECTEDLY HEADED FOR A LOOK AT THE COMPETITION.



THEN BYRON GOT ON HIS SOAP-BOX.

TRIKE RIDERS OF THE
WORLD, UNITE!

HEY!
NAT'S US!

A SMALL BROAD-MINDED BUNCH OF TRIKE
ENTHUSIAST WERE WILLING TO SEE IF
BYRON'S BOASTFUL IDEAS HELD ANY WATER

GENTLEMEN,
MY CHAMPION DISTANT
JUMPING TRIKE.

DIG THAT
TERRA-FIRMA
ABANDONMENT
BOLT-ON!

GET-IT-ON!
GET-IT-ON!

I'M A
BELIEVER!

IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED
BYRON'S TRIKE SHOP BECAME
A BEE-HIVE OF ACTIVITY.

FROM NOW ON, ANYONE CAUGHT
NOT WEARING HIS LUFTWAUFA
SHOULDER PATCH, IS GROUNDED!

BONK! PING!
BANG! CLUNK! BONK!
CLINK!
CLUNK!

500CC
TRIKE GLIDER
GROUP

BYRON
VON KICKEDHOFFEN'S
FLYING CIRCUS
GLIDERS INC.

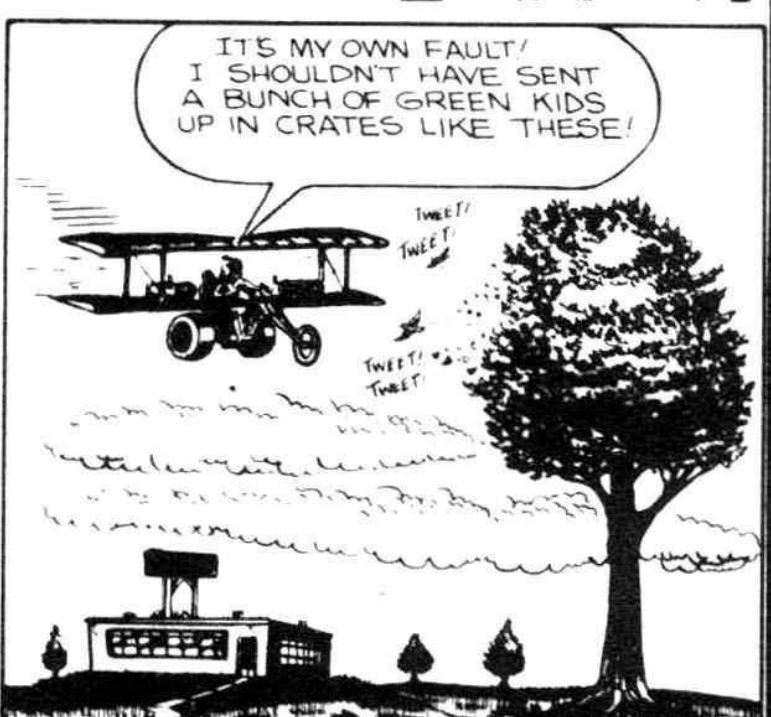
BUT BEFORE THEY WOULD CONFRONT
CYCLE COMPETITION BYRON PERSUADED
HIS LOYAL BAND TO FOLLOW HIM ON A
MISSION OF REVENGE!

TARGET
AMALGAMATED
CHIPPER DESIGN

I'D LOVE TO GO
BUT, I'VE GOT
THIS LIBRARY
BOOK OVER-DUE
AND.....

SO IN THE PREDAWN HOURS, BYRON'S
ROOF-TOP LAUNCHING PAD WAS THE SCENE
OF AN AIR STRIKE SCRAMBLE!

HOOT! HOOT!
HOOT! HOOT!
HOOT! HOOT!
HOOT! HOOT!





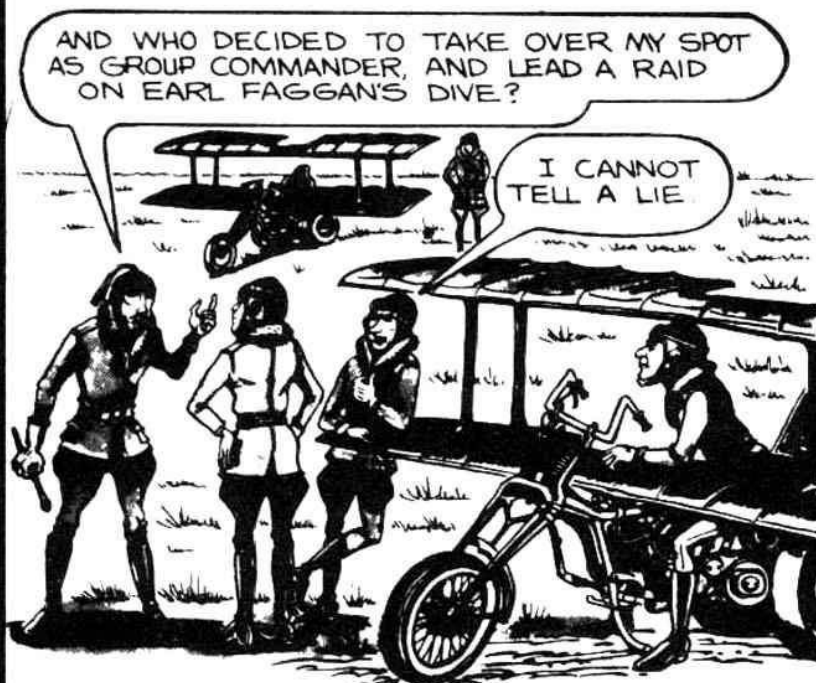
HEY MAN, DID YOU HEAR ABOUT EARL FAGGAN'S POOL PARLOR GETTING HIT WITH MACE?

YEP, THEY SAY A FLOCK OF STRANGE LOOKING BIRDS FROM OUT OF THE SKY DID IT.



OK, YOU STRANGE LOOKING BIRDS! I WANT SOME ANSWERS! HOW COME EARL FAGGAN'S POOL HALL WAS MACED WHEN OUR TARGET WAS A MALGAMATED CHOPPER DESIGN?

OH, OH!



AND WHO DECIDED TO TAKE OVER MY SPOT AS GROUP COMMANDER, AND LEAD A RAID ON EARL FAGGAN'S DIVE?

I CANNOT TELL A LIE.



YOU... LEAD THE SQUADRON?

HECK NO!! AFTER WE FLEW THROUGH THAT CLOUD-BANK WE ENDED UP ON HIS TAIL!

YEAH WE FOLLOWED HIM BY MISTAKE.



AAAAA

HIS TAIL? HE LEAD YOU? HIMWHO? WHAT?

UP THERE MAN! THE GUY IN THE CLOUDS!



AAAAA

OH THE REAL HIM.

WE DON'T MEAN SNOOPY!

CONTRARY TO POPULAR BUT, INACCURATE HISTORICAL DATA. THE ONLY PERSON WHO HAS EVER SHOT ME DOWN, IS MY GIRL FRIEND.

JIM MUELLER

THE END

BIG FUTZ and LITTLE HARLEY

AND THEIR
MAGNIFICENT
MAGIC LANTERN
MACHINE



Text and Art: Hank Hinton

BIG FUTZ AND LITTLE HARLEY A BRIEF HISTORY

In the early fifties (before you and I and Dennis Ellefson were born) Marlon Brando, astride a stock 500cc Triumph T5, roared down the center stripe of Highway 101, wearing a black leather jacket, a California Highway Patrolman's cap, sideburns and a sneer. He was to meet Lee Marvin (1946 Harley-Davidson 74 cu. in., pirate T-shirt, aviator's cap, cigar, beard, and scowl) in one of those jerkwater California towns with a name like Palmdale or Date City, and in due course they and their palsies would pillage, plunder and burn it to the ground. All the time Brando is saying, "... oh ... ah ... like ... wow, man ... I mean ... like mumblegrumblefrumble ...". Thus spoke **The Wild One**, and the Bike Flick (or as Dennis Ellefson likes to call them: Cycle Flickles) was born.

And died. **The Wild One** lost money. Kids loved it, but in those days there was only 17 kids in the country over the age of ten. Not what one would call A Major Market. BUT right behind them was the thundering herd of THE WAR BABIES! And the POST-WAR BABIES! Millions of 'em! Billions of 'em! YOU and ME and DENNIS ELLEFSON!

And you and me and Dennis weren't dummies. We knew that if you were stuck in Palmdale or Date City or wherever, it was a lot more fun to hop on a chopper, pillage, plunder and burn it down than to sit around the courthouse on a Saturday night watching a moth die. Hollywood gave us **Tammy Tell Me True**.

In the early Sixties, Hollywood produced **The Great Escape**. In the final reel Steve McQueen, an American POW, steals a German Army motorcycle and tears up the countryside. Never mind that the German Army motorcycle was a Triumph (which explains why the Germans lost the war: they couldn't get spare parts), the film was BOX OFFICE BOFFO! And all because of the last reel! The rebirth of the Bike Flick (or as Dennis is want to call them: The Cycle Flickle)!

The Wild One had set the style; now anyone who could borrow an Arriflex, \$37, and bail out some motorcycle gang was A MOVIE PRODUCER, and did they produce! Finally, with the premiere of **The Angels of Death Have a Beach Blanket Bingo Party with Count Yorga** the saturation point was reached, the market glutted, the audience stuffed.

If you were a producer the handwriting was scribbled on the wall: Improve The Product Or Die. They brought in actors like John Cassavetes, Peter Fonda, Jack Nicholson, Robert Redford, Turhan Bey. Now every clown on a Honda 90 could close his eyes, pretend he was Marlon Brando (the over-30's), or Peter Fonda (under-30's), or Dennis Ellefson (under ten), and run into a telephone pole. Cameramen designed equipment that would capture on film the excitement, the tension, the grace, the power of the motorcycle. Innovation, technique, the motorcycle mystique were the ingredients for success. You had them or you flopped. Which leads us to our subjects: Big Futz and Little Harley. Seven producers used them and seven producers flopped.

BIG FUTZ

If you're only half as smart as Dennis Ellefson you've guessed the tall dude is Big Futz. Wrong.

Big Futz is the foxy little chick. A graduate of the Deanna Durbin School for Wayward Young Ladies located on the outskirts of South Lompoc, she wandered aimlessly, possessing only the clothes on her back, a song on

her lips and the blue sky overhead. One day while cowering under the scant protection of a eucalyptus tree during a thunderstorm, she realized that the song of the open road was more alluring if accompanied by the jingle-jangle of coins in one's pockets. Having the morals of Blackbeard, the humanity of Hermann Goering, the sensitivity of Attila the Hun, and the charm of Wee Jimmy Talmadge, her course was obvious: SHOW BIZ!

Show Biz, of course, has many facets (amongst other things), and she was unsure of where she could achieve the most success: in front of the camera? Behind the camera? The front office? The back lot? Where?

Suffice to say she discovered her niche ... and Little Harley. A story so disgusting that common decency and public law demand that the details be left unsaid ... except to mention in passing that this was when she picked up the nickname Big Futz.

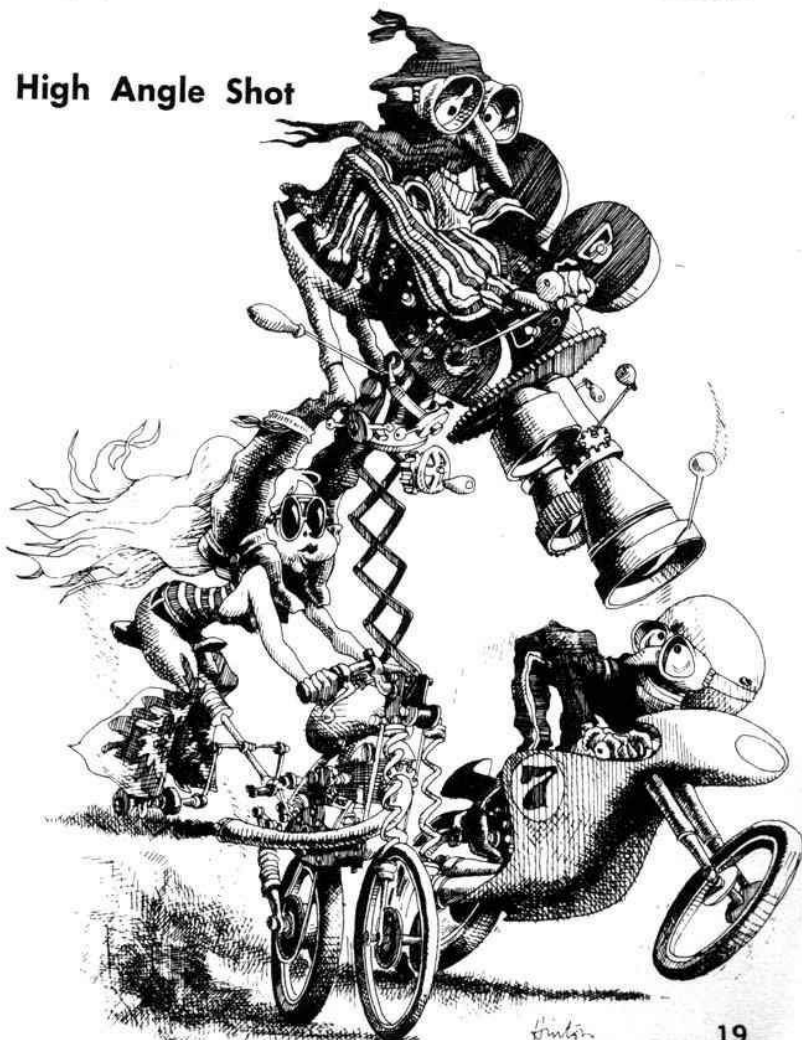
LITTLE HARLEY

If you're only a quarter as smart as Dennis Ellefson you've realized the tall dude is Little Harley. Right. Cinematographer. Well ... He also designed and built the machine behind him. The Motogushi Magic Lantern 450 Camera-Cycle. With 3-turret lens. And reflex viewing. And crystal sync. And variable speed motor. If you really care.

Having only traced his family tree back to 1953, his exact age is unknown. However, his earliest memory is finding a Brownie Box Camera (with the Coke bottle lens), focusing on a neighbor lady who was enjoying the warm afternoon sun in her backyard, and ... CLICK! Whilst running, hopping and jumping to the local drugstore, he tripped, KAPLOPPing on the camera, which broke it open, exposing its contents to the light of day. A No-No.

But it didn't matter; he'd discovered his dream. Robbing gum machines in a ten-mile radius netted enough

High Angle Shot



capital to purchase a Kodak 8mm FunFilm home movie camera, and his career was launched. To be exact it was launched with 100' of 8mm black & white starring the neighbor lady. And this time he didn't trip taking it to be developed. Instant Success.

Not one to rest on his laurels (hee, hee), Harley met new challenges: a gunsight camera for Zeppelins, a stereographic periscopic camera for filming stereographic periscopes, the Harley-Angenieux 6-6000 zoom lens to capture the drama of a speeding bullet fired directly at the camera. Needless to say, not all were a success.

But undaunted, Harley kept futzing around (he had met Big Futz by now, a story so disgusting, better left untold) until THAT DAY. He met Mad Dog Seigel.

We won't show you a photograph of Mad Dog Seigel because he is so disgusting that common decency and our editorial policy demand that you would have to wash your hands after handling this book. Suffice to say that Mad Dog was a movie producer. With a Vision. Mad Dog had a Vision. Mad Dog needed a Creative Cameraman. Little Harley was a Creative Cameraman. Mad Dog needed Little Harley. Little Harley had Big Futz. The logic was like a Chinese puzzle.

BIG FUTZ AND LITTLE HARLEY

After a brief but turbulent courtship so disgusting that common decency and good taste forbid us from mentioning details, Big Futz and Little Harley discovered they had discovered love. LOVE. Not your ordinary, garden-variety, run-of-the-mill, never-having-to-say-you're-sorry, sticky, icky kind of love, but LOVE! A LOVE based on mutual needs, mutual needs so disgusting we're gonna talk about 'em!

Simple. Little Harley was Big Futz' entrance to Big Time Magic Time Movieland. Big Futz, on the other hand (I have five fingers), is a legal midget. And a legal midget is what Little Harley needs to drive his cockamaimy machine. See how all the really great loves have a solid foundation of mutual need and benefit? Disgusting.

THE MOTOGUSHI MAGIC LANTERN 450

PROBLEM: Design a variable-speed carrier for a camera, capable of maneuvering a wide spectrum of terrain while simultaneously, a camera operator can perform complex functions from a multitude of angles and attitudes, that is self-sufficient, has an electrical power source, and can be operated by a crew of two.

ANSWER: A horse with a 12-volt battery. Wrong.

The above answer was, regrettably, Harley's first solution. However, **Cycletoons** would remind its readers who hoot and hiss that ol' Tom Edison didn't get the electric light bulb on the first try, or Napoleon, Josephine. Back to the board. Laborious hours with torch and steel, nuts and bolts, wrench and socket . . . days . . . weeks . . . months . . . it still didn't work.

Unless it was driven by a midget. Bolts and lens Harley understands. The center of gravity he doesn't understand. But Big Futz is a midget and Harley discovered that if his Motogushi Magic Lantern was driven by either a 6-year-old or a midget it would stay afloat. Salvation.

Mad Dog Seigel who understands only greed, lust and gluttony is impressed. Dennis Ellefson, who understands Mad Dog, is impressed. Jim Talmadge, who doesn't even understand **Sesame Street**, is impressed. Nelson Dewey, who understands midgets, is impressed. It got lo angles, hi angles, rack-zooms, fastmo, slomo, follow-focus, panning, tracking, dollying, busby berkeleying.

It does 'em all. With a midget. One flaw. Harley also designed the camera, which requires a hamster to run the motor. A left-handed hamster. The hamster's name is Fred. Fred is dead. So are Big Futz and Little Harley. And seven producers. Seven? That's Hollywood.

Low Angle Shot



Two Reelers



Hold it! . . . You're under arrest for being out of uniform!

Whew . . . I thought he was gonna get me for all these marks on the street!

EVERYONE KNOWS WHAT A MINI-BIKE IS, RIGHT? HAH! I'LL BET SOME OF YOU THINK IT'S JUST A SET OF TRAINING WHEELS DIVIDED BY A LAWN-MOWER... OR, THE MISSING LINK BETWEEN A TRICYCLE AND A HARLEY-DAVIDSON. WELL, BIMBOS, THERE'S MORE TO IT THAN MEETS THE ASPHALT! AND CYCLETURNS, EXPENDING VAST ENERGY, THREE PAGES AND A PENCIL, SETS THE RECORD AT 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ TO BRING YOU: *WHAT EVERYONE ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT MINI-BIKES...OR*

A Guide to the History and Development of the Modern Mini-bike

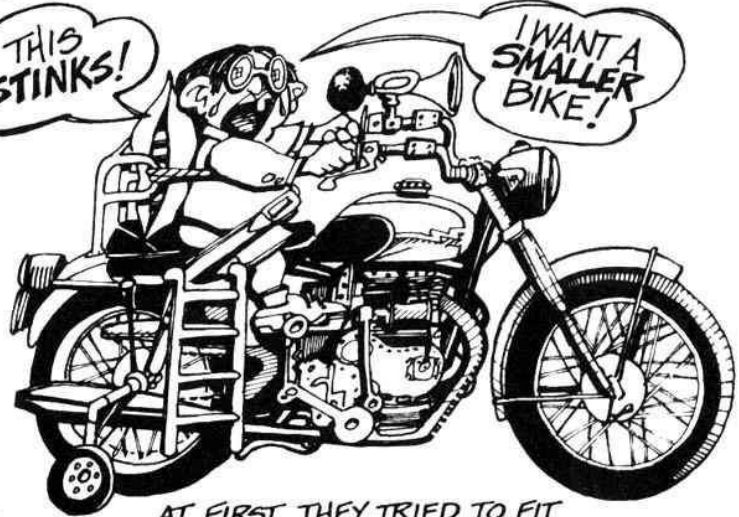
THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE FIRST MINI-BIKE CAN BE TRACED AS FAR BACK AS 1956, WHEN AT THE AGE OF NINE, LITTLE REGGY FINGERNILL CRIED FOR 11 HOURS IN A GALLANT ATTEMPT TO FORCE HIS WEALTHY FATHER INTO BUYING HIM A MOTORCYCLE...

I WANT A CYCLE NOW!... OR I'LL EAT 15 POUNDS OF CATERPILLERS... AN' WORMS AN' THINGS!...

OH YEAH?... WELL I'LL EAT 20 POUNDS OF POTATO BUGS AN' SNAILS AN' RICE-A-RONI!

THIS STINKS!

I WANT A SMALLER BIKE!



AT FIRST, THEY TRIED TO FIT LITTLE REGGY TO THE BIG CYCLE...

HE'S CRAZY!

NUTS.

CUT IT DOWN TO 1/4 SCALE!



UNTIL, THROUGH A STROKE OF THE OBVIOUS, IT WAS DECIDED TO FIT THE BIG CYCLE TO LITTLE REGGY.

THOUGH HIS ANTICS PROVED SUCCESSFUL, LITTLE REGGY FOUND HIMSELF INCAPABLE OF MOUNTING THE FAVORED GIFT...

BLAAAH! IT'S TOO BIG!

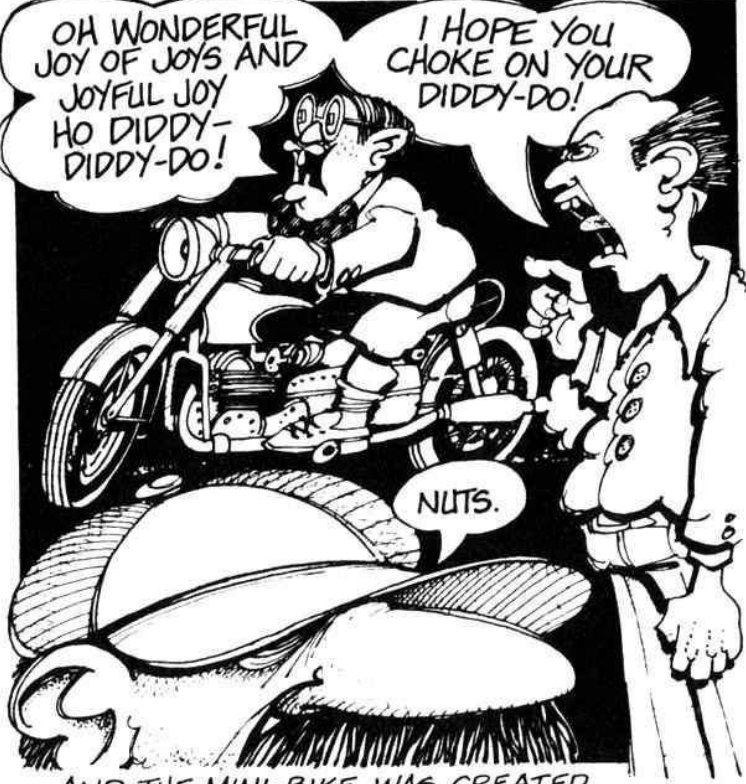
THEY DON'T COME IN YOUR SIZE, YOU LITTLE TWIRP!



OH WONDERFUL JOY OF JOYS AND JOYFUL JOY HO DIDDY-DIDDY-DO!

I HOPE YOU CHOKE ON YOUR DIDDY-DO!

NUTS.



AND THE MINI-BIKE WAS CREATED...

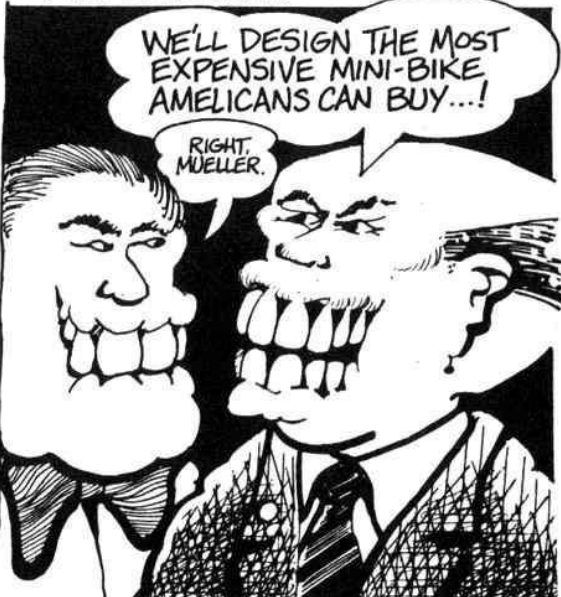
AT THE SAME TIME, OTHER SNOTTY LITTLE KIDS OF LESS MEANS WERE BUSY TRYING TO BE SECOND ON THEIR BLOCK TO SOLVE THE SAME MINI-BIKE PROBLEM... OFTEN WITHOUT SUCCESS...



SOME OF THE FIRST MODELS WERE CRUDE, CONTAINING NO ENGINES.



... BUT CYCLE MANUFACTURERS, INTERESTED IN THIS BOOMING NEW MARKET, BEGAN DESIGNING AWESOME MINI-BIKE KITS...



... AND ACCESSORYS WERE ADDED, LIKE Sissy BARS, METAL-FLAKE GAS TANKS, BANANA SEATS AND FIVE HP ENGINES...



SOON, REBEL MINI-BIKE CLUBS SPRANG UP LIKE WILD ASPARAGUS, AND PRE-TEEN TOTS BEGAN TAKING OVER TOWNS AND VICTIMIZING TEENAGERS...



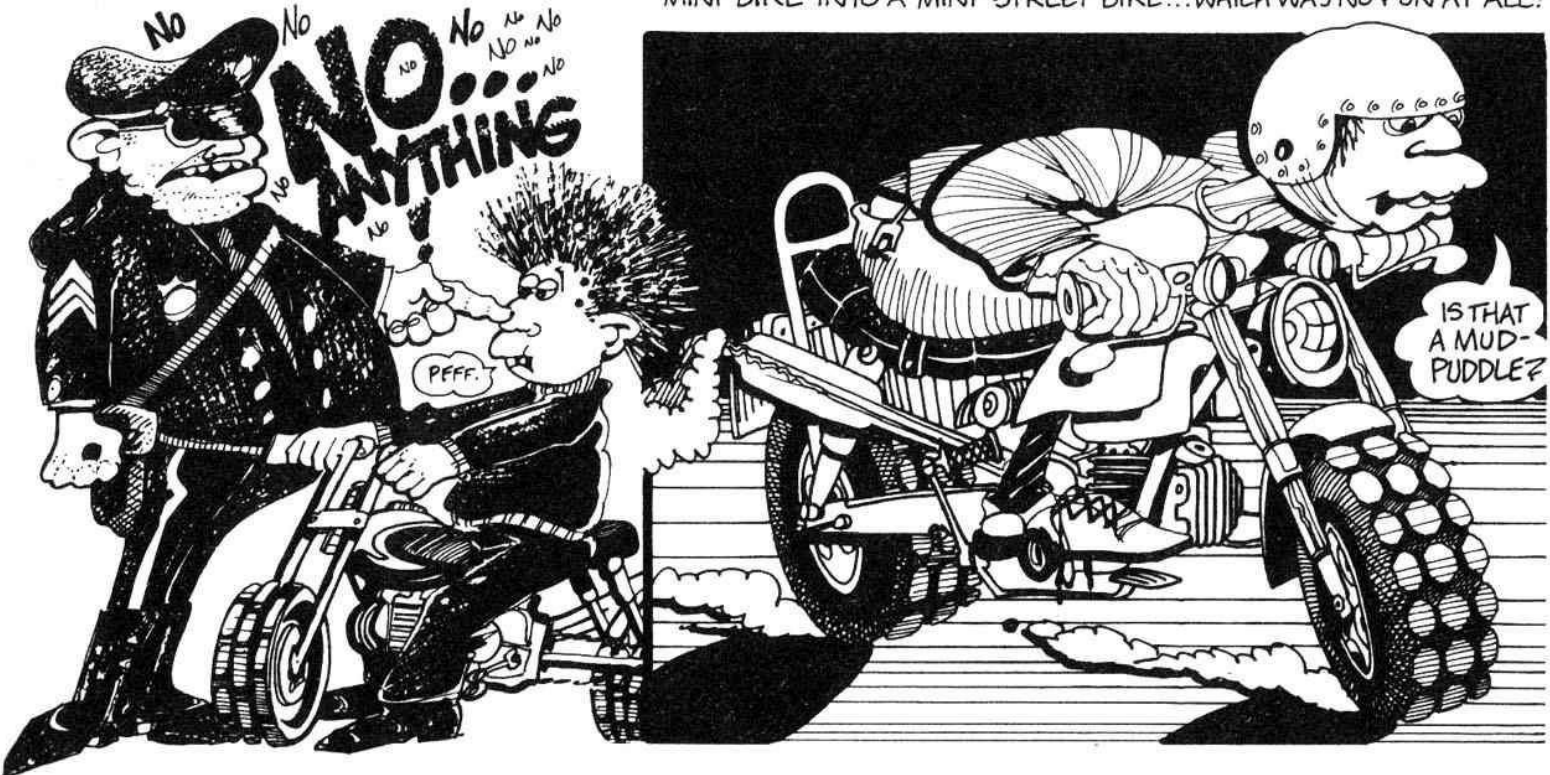
...HOWEVER, LEGISLATION WAS QUICKLY ENACTED TO RESTRICT MINI-BIKE MONGERS...

...WHICH DROVE THE CLAN TO THE PLAYGROUNDS AND PARKS AND SIDEWALKS AND PLAYGROUNDS...



... WHERE LEGISLATION WAS QUICKLY ENACTED TO RESTRICT MINI-BIKE MONGERS...

FINALLY IN THE MID 1960'S, LAWS HAD BECOME SO RESTRICTIVE THAT IT WAS NECESSARY TO MODIFY THE BASIC FREE-SPIRITED MINI-BIKE INTO A MINI-STREET BIKE...WHICH WAS NO FUN AT ALL!



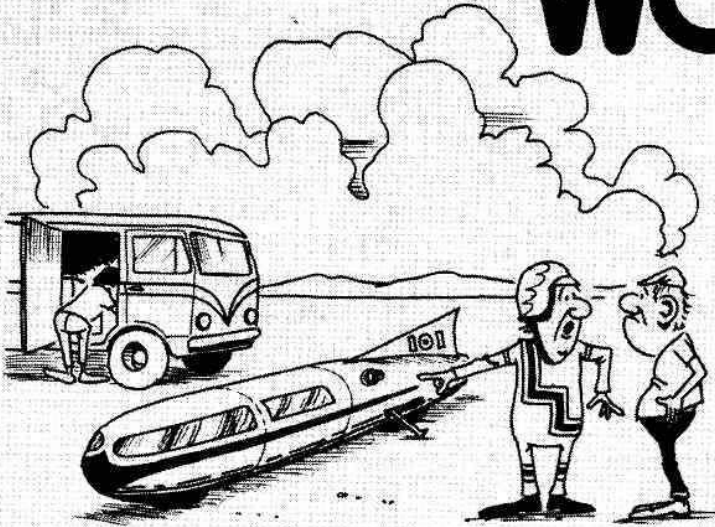
TA-DAH ♪... BUT CYCLETONS, EVER AWARE OF THE ACUTE PROBLEMS OF MINI-BIKE BUILDING, NOW HAS THE LONG-AWAITED SOLUTION AT HAND... WELL, DUMBO... TURN THE PAGE AROUND...!

TOTAL COST: \$9,477.50
IN KIT FORM: \$10,663.25
PLANS: N/C



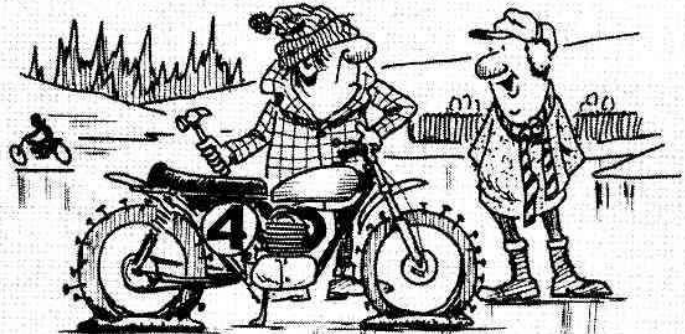
Handwritten signature: T. M. M. M.

WOJAHN HERE!

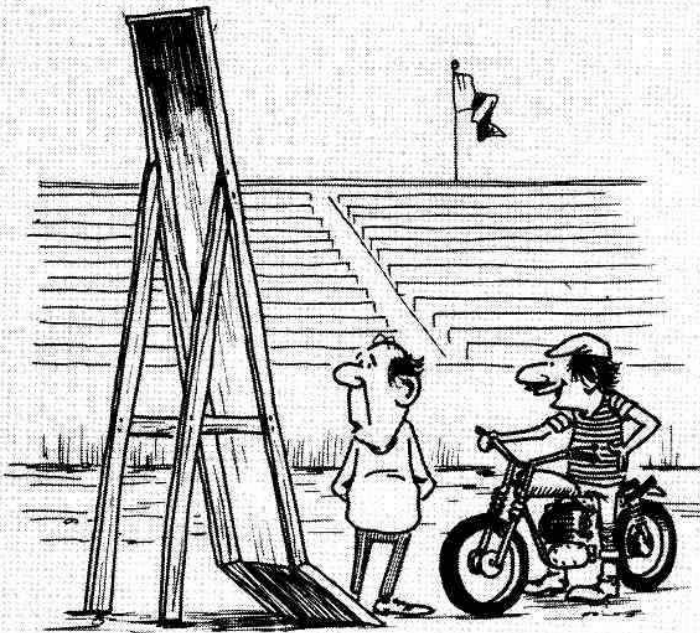


TOM WOJAHN

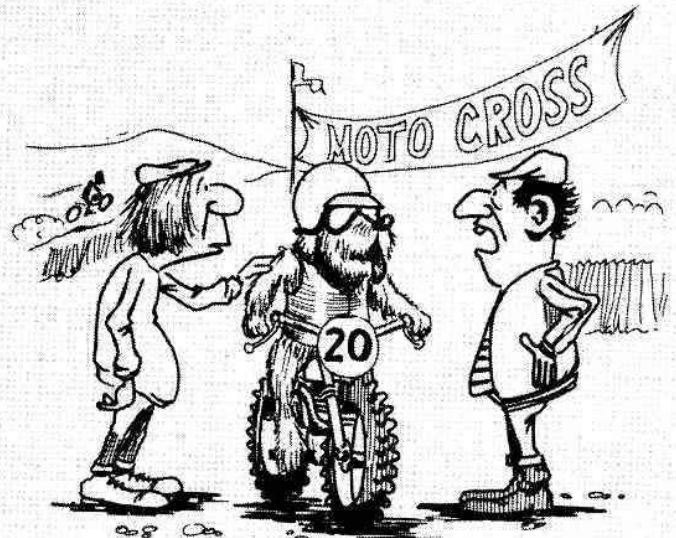
"But, how will anybody see my nifty new leathers if I'm inside that thing?"



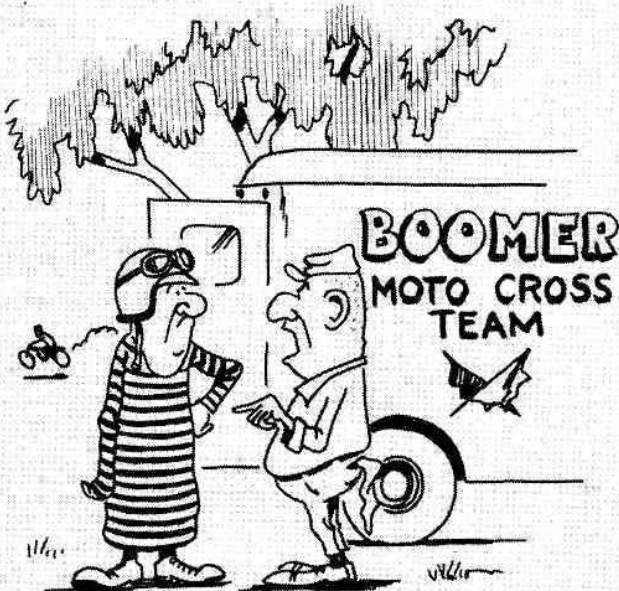
"... See you made your own spiked tires, eh Lumpy!"



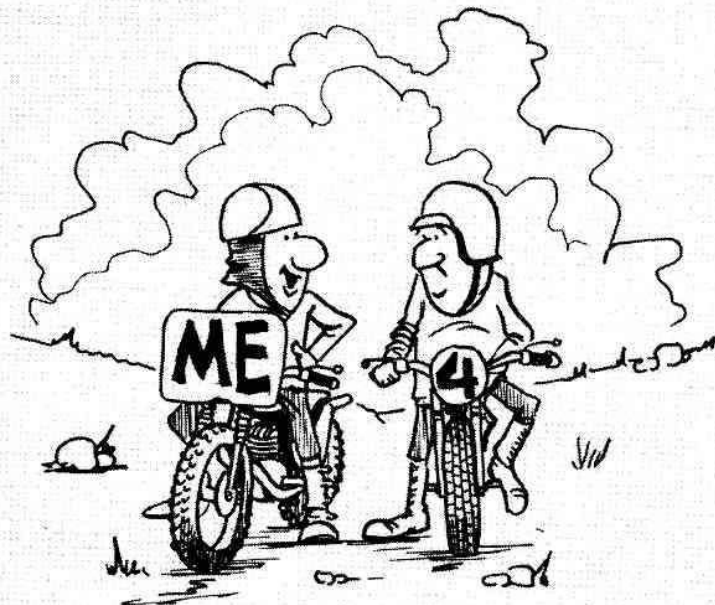
"... Look at it this way, my act doesn't require a lot of space!"



"I don't care how good he is ... We gotta draw the line someplace!"



"I don't care if it is your lucky shirt ... You're not wearing it while you ride for this team!"

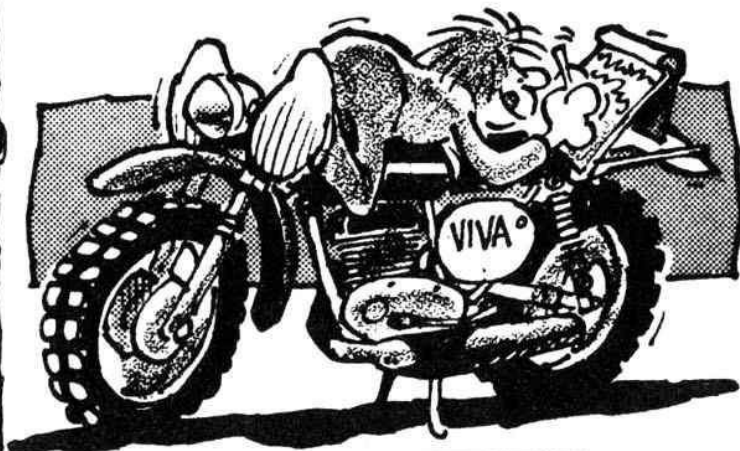


"During the last race my girl said she couldn't tell which rider was me ... this time she won't have that problem!"

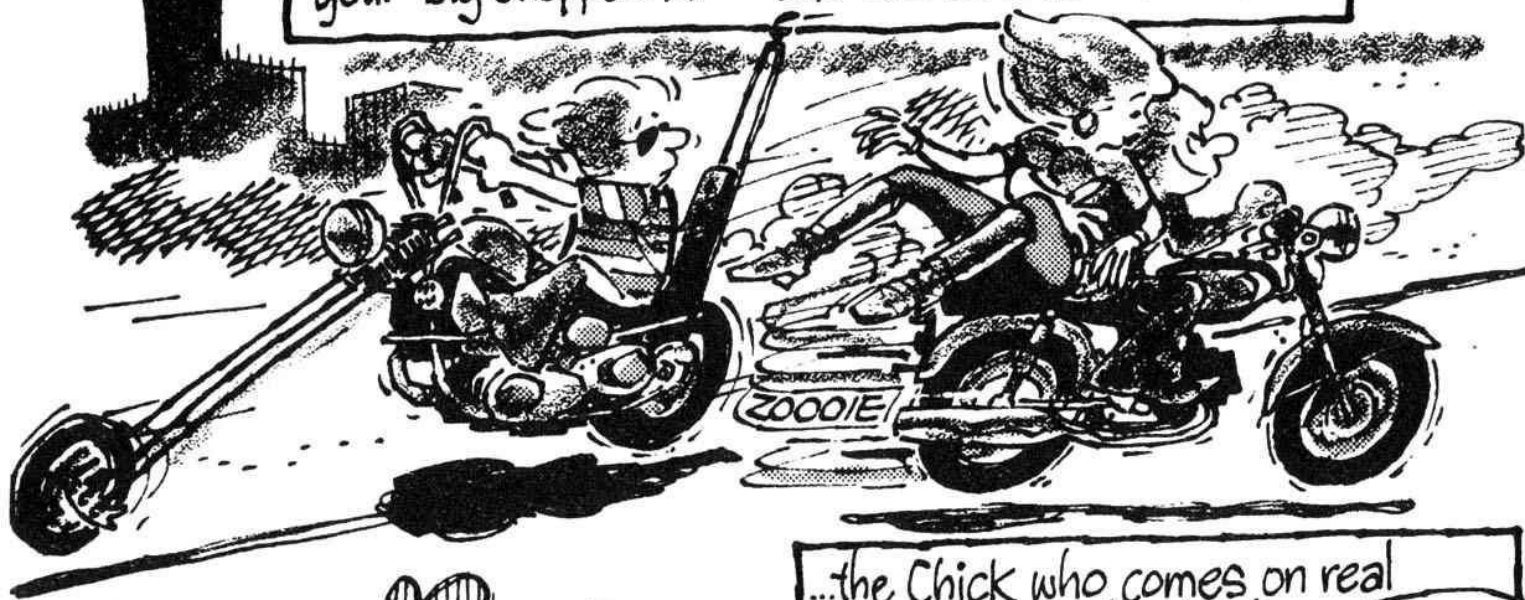
DONCHA HATE...



...the guy who writes letters to the Editor complaining about the dumb cycle magazine and the dumb writers and the really dumb artists and then says how he'd like to write to girls between 12 and 17!?



...the dude who swoops by and steals your girl off your big chopped 74 — and he's on a Honda S-90!?



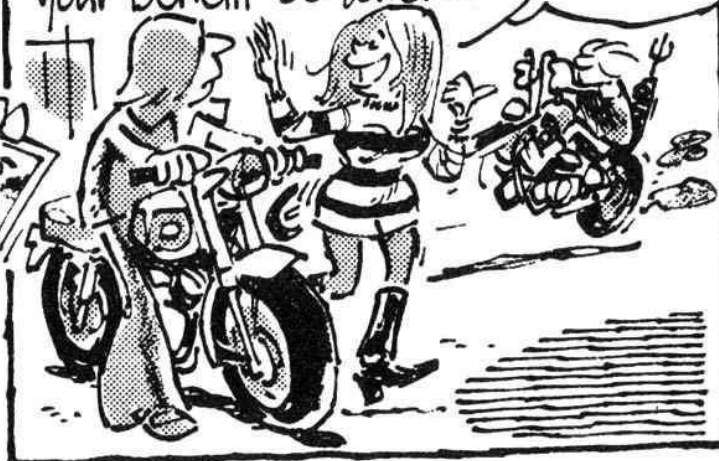
...the jazzbo who listens to you braggini' bout your new Yamaha 100 and then whips out a photo of his Norton 650!?

GRRRR



...the Chick who comes on real strong and you've just about got up hair to ask her to go for a spin on your Benelli 50 when...

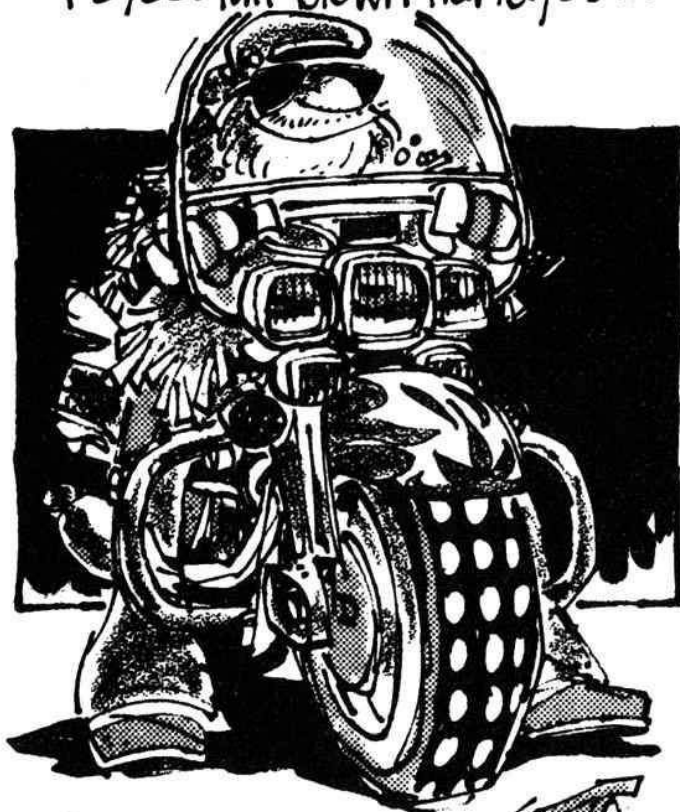
HERE COMES MY BOYFRIEND-
SEE YA!



...the cop who pulls you over and writes you for sporting a loud muffler—right beside a street wrecking crew!?!...



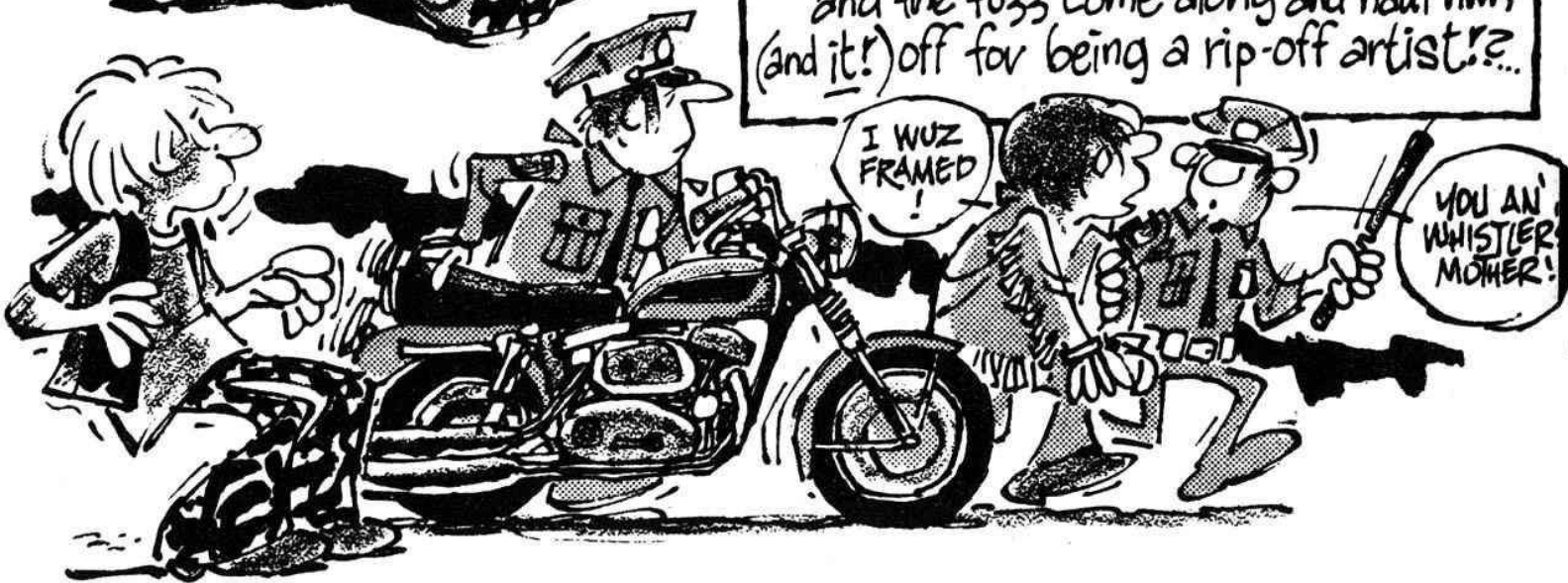
...the dude who loudly assails the materialistic aspects of life and then shows up at cycle rallies on a \$5700. full-blown Harley!?!...



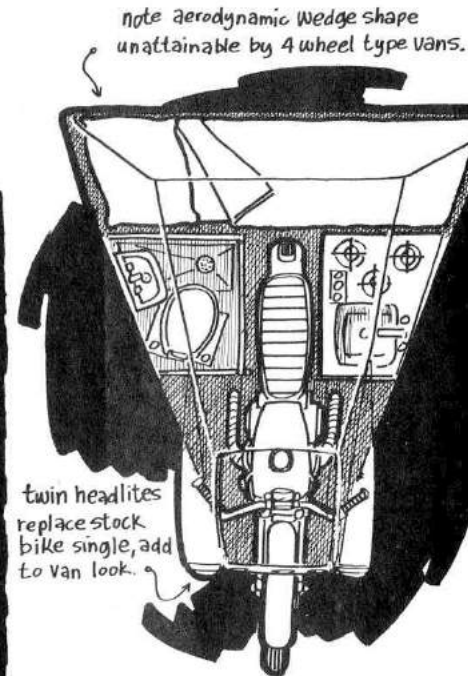
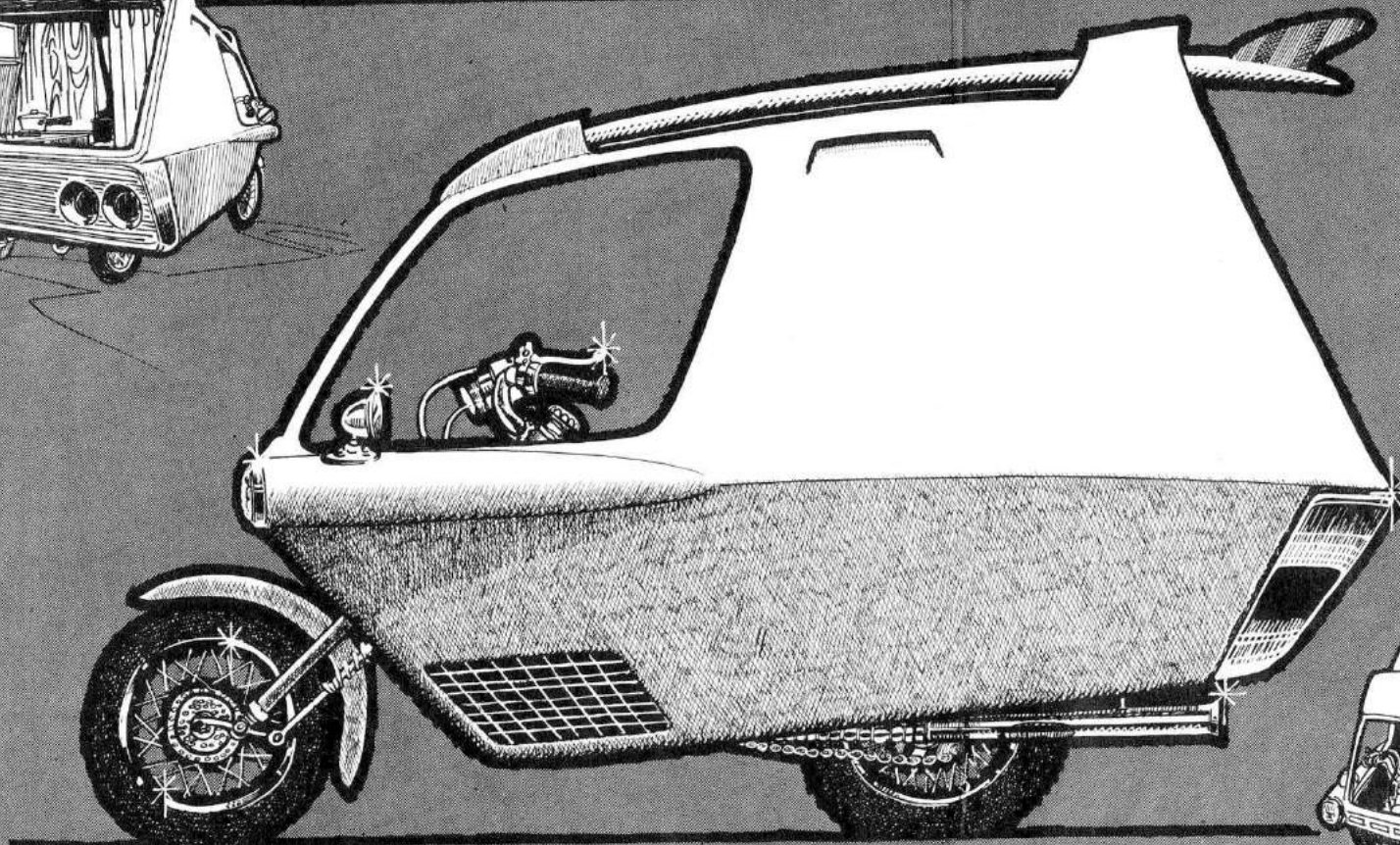
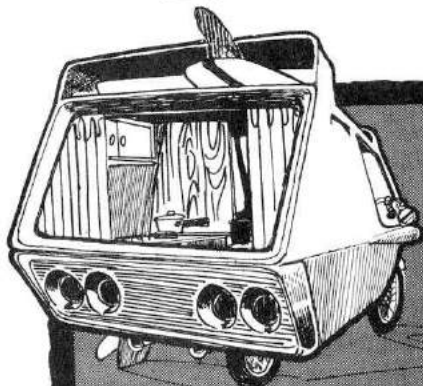
...the Dim Bulb who's just helped you rebuild your Kawasaki and **THEN** you learn he's a jig-saw puzzle drop-out!?!?



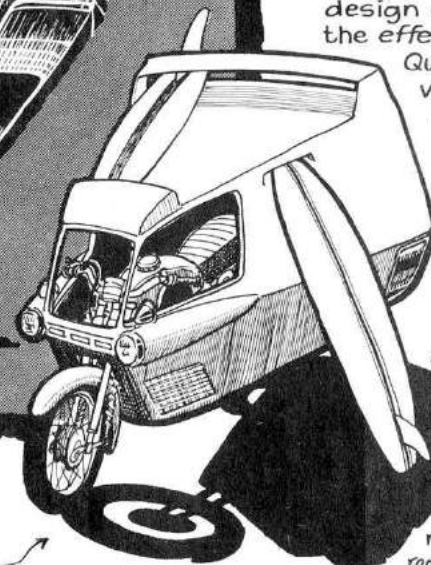
...the Cat who just sold you a red-hot Super-Sportster for a bargain price and the fuzz come along and haul him (and it!) off for being a rip-off artist!?!?



VANS are the big thing these days -- and it's only right that we motorcyclists should have 'em too! So Quasi-Moto went to work -- and here's their idea.....



Designed to retain the 2-wheel design of motorcycles, but give the effect as a 4-wheel van, the Quasi-Moto Van-Cycle provides a proportionate amount of space and facilities. The optional camper rig (shown above) has such goodies as a dinette that converts to a bed; a full-size mobile kitchen and bathroom (with shower) a 6-cubic foot icebox, and a 15,000 btu propane furnace!



factory-reject surfboards insert into side-slots, to support Van-Cycle when parked. (Besides, HOTROD magazine thinks boards on the roof look good -- and who are we to argue?)

unit can be purchased complete; or van conversion kit alone. Kit will fit any popular motorcycle with the exception of Webley-Vickers line.

QUASI-MOTO'S
VAN-CYCLE

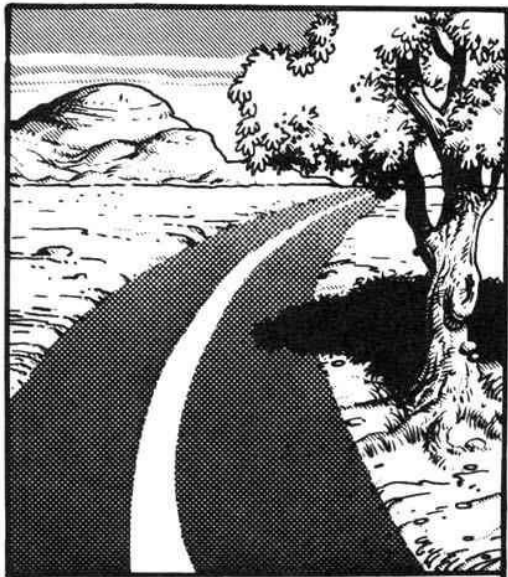
Two Reelers

Oh Mom, there's nothing to worry about, Ted is a very good rider . . . I'll be all right!

What could happen?



NEEDLES, CALIF... HOT, DUSTY, LET'S FACE IT, PRETTY REVOLTING PLACE! NOTHING MUCH EVER HAPPENED IN NEEDLES... UNTIL...



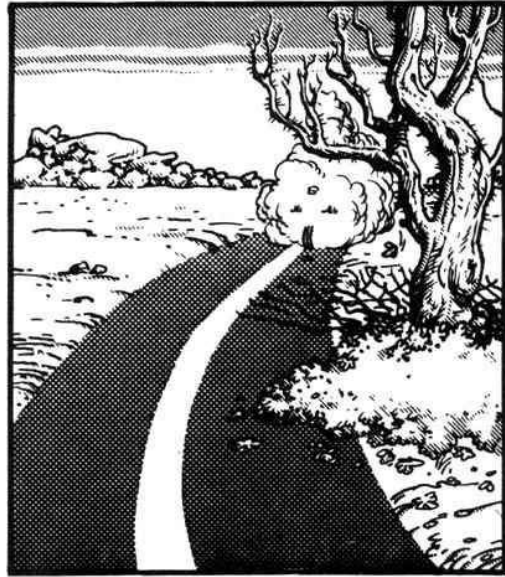
THE DEAFENING---SHRIEK OF RUBBER ON ROAD! THE SHATTERING, PIERCING HOWL OF STEEL ON STEEL!

...TODAY! LISTEN! COMING CLOSER! A LOW RUMBLE OFF IN THE DISTANCE! THE EARTH BEGINS TO SHAKE!



THE SMOTHERING HACK, HACK, CHOKE OF BILLOWING DUST! THE PATHETIC SCREAM AS THE FEET HIT THE SPOKES! THE...

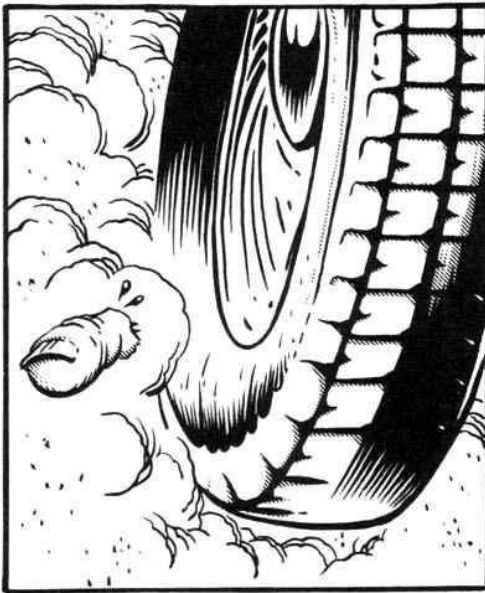
LOUDER! THE RUMBLE BECOMES A ROAR! THE SCENT OF RAW LEATHER AND HOT METAL FILLS THE AIR!



HEY! WAIT A MINUTE! SOMETHING'S WRONG HERE! WHERE ARE ALL THE COMICS' SOUND EFFECTS FOR THIS STORY? HUH?



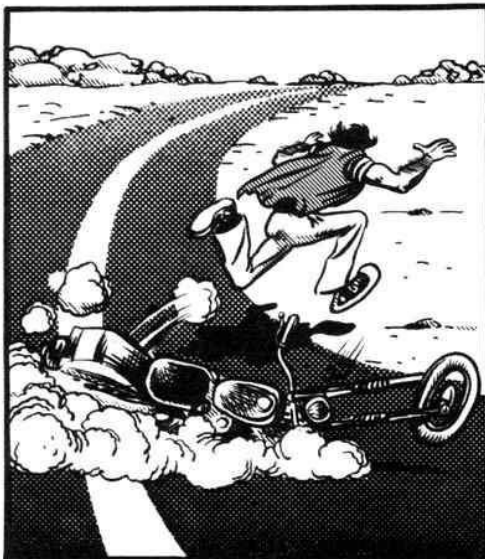
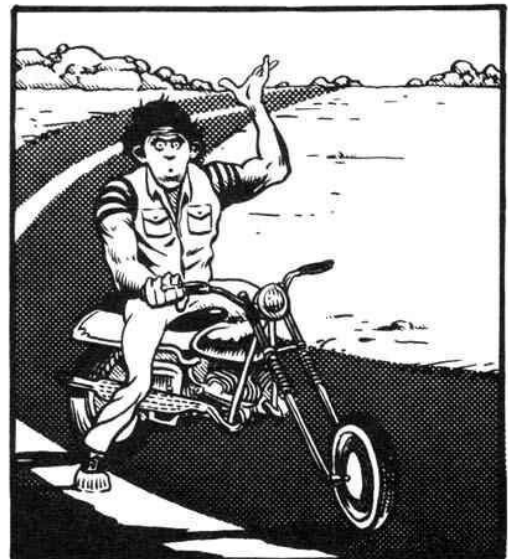
WHAT HAPPENED TO ALL THE "ROWR'S," "GRUMM'S," AND "SKREES"? WHY AREN'T YOU SAYING ANYTHING? WHERE ARE YOUR WORD BALLOONS?!

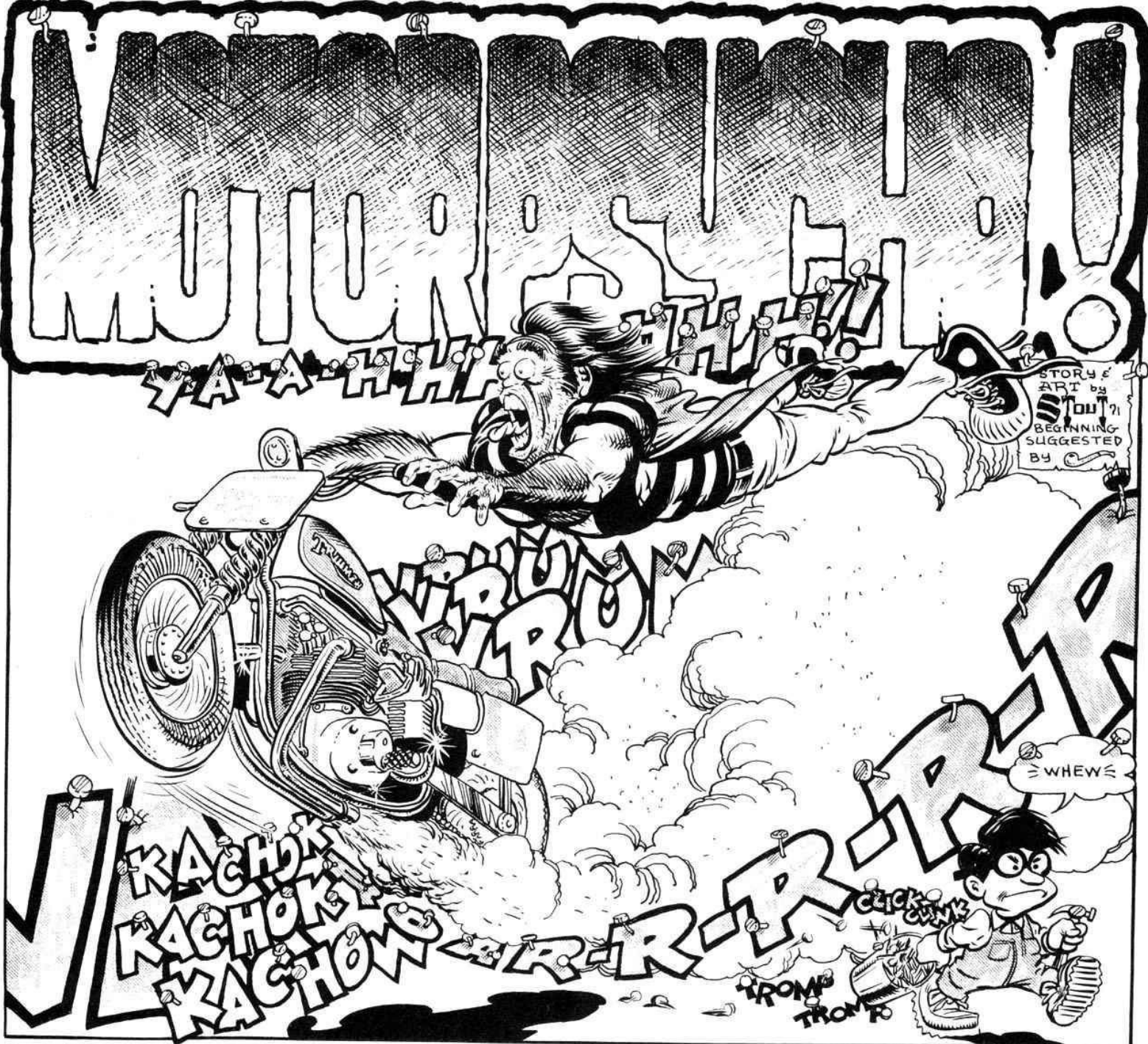


THIS IS RIDICULOUS! THIS STORY DOESN'T EVEN HAVE A TITLE! WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE, DUMMY! GET THE SOUND EFFECTS MAN!



WELL! IT'S ABOUT TIME! DO YOU REALIZE WE'RE THROUGH ONE PAGE AND WE HAVEN'T EVEN GOTTEN TO OUR STORY? WELL GET CRACKIN'!





STORY & ART by
STOUT
BEGINNING
SUGGESTED
BY

OUR HERO, **STUD SHERBET**,
DISTRESSED BY A RECENT
LETTER FROM HIS CHOICE
CHICKIE, **SALLY ROTUNDA...**
DISTRESSED BECAUSE IT'S **NOT**
IN SALLY'S HANDWRITING! IN
FACT, **SALLY NEVER LEARNED**
TO WRITE!

STUD FEARLESSLY CHECKS
THE RETURN ADDRESS AND
WASTES NO TIME IN HIS PURSUIT OF
SALLY! UP THE HIGHEST
MOUNTAINS...

THROUGH THE DARKEST
JUNGLES...





ACROSS THE DEEPEST SEAS...



... WITH ONLY HIS THOUGHTS OF **SALLY** TO SPUR HIM ON ...



STUD ARRIVES AT HIS DESTINATION--- THE HOUSE OF **DOCTOR EZRA CONDEMNED!**



OUR **NOBLE HERO** SURVEYS THE SITUATION...

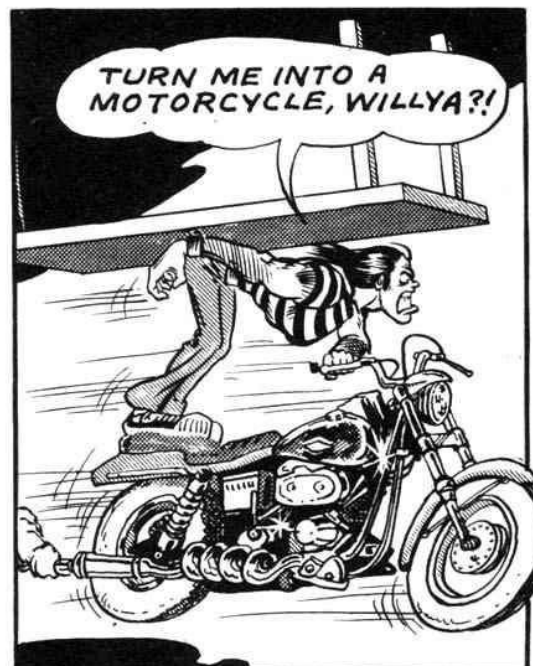


AND BRAVELY DECIDES TO STICK IT OUT!



UPON HIS AWAKENING, HE FINDS HIMSELF IN A **WIERD LABORATORY...**

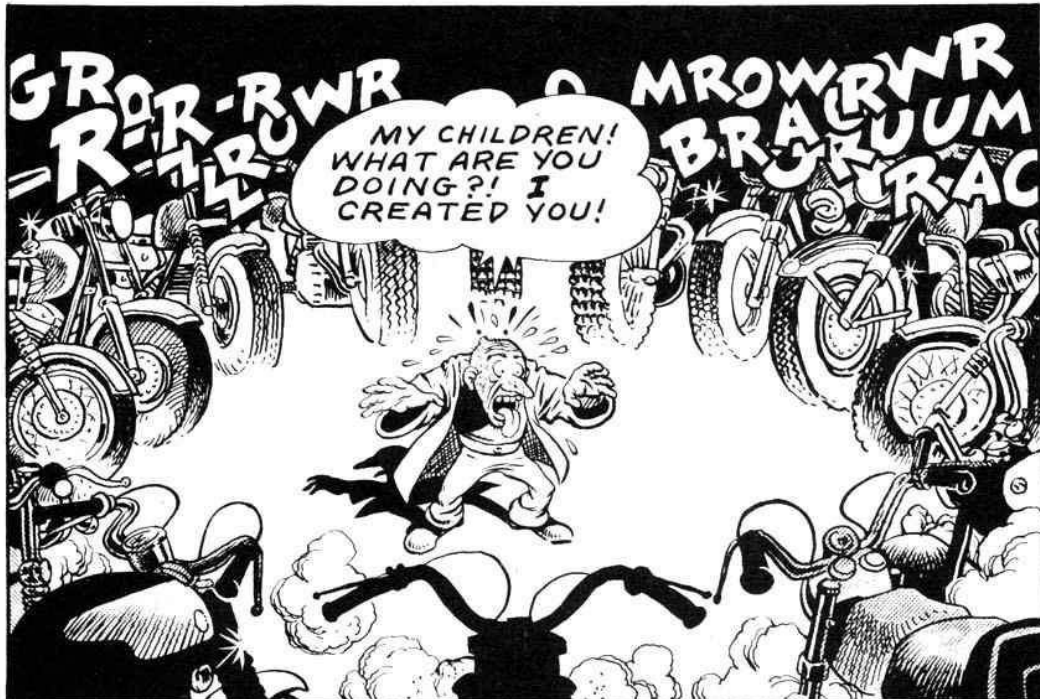




HEE HEE! SAFE!
PUFF-PUFF ---
WHAT WAS THAT?!

THAT SOUND!
COMING CLOSER!

NO! NO! IT'S...



MEANWHILE, OL' STUD HAS RESCUED SALLY AND HAS RESUMED HIS FAVORITE PASTTIME...

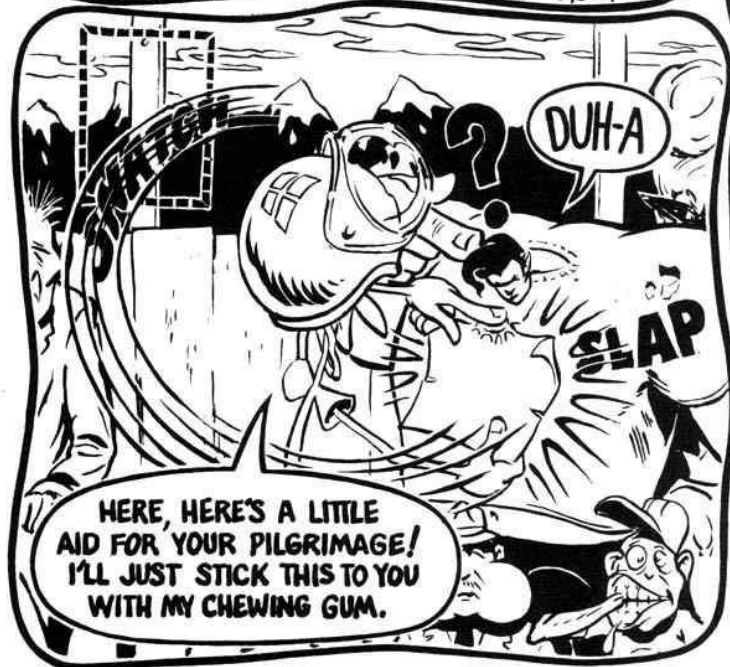
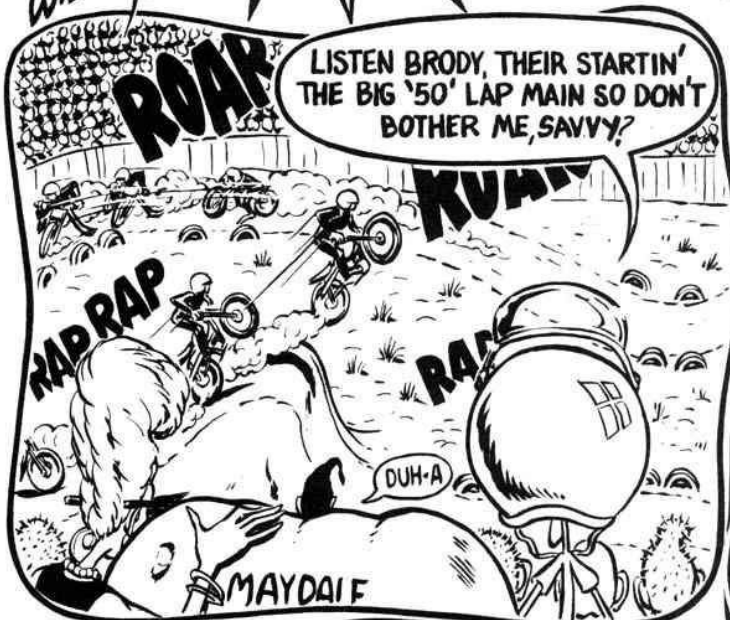
2AHT
ALL
FOLKS

BRODY BODINE

IN "THE CORNDOG CATASTROPHE"

BY
ROBT.
WILLIAMS

"AH, FINALLY AT LAST," THOUGHT TRAVIS, "HERE WE ARE AT LAMONT SPEEDWAY WATCHIN' T-T RACES, ME ON ONE SIDE OF BRODY & HIS GIRLFRIEND, MILDRED PILLIONWARMER ON THE OTHER, WHAT COULD GO WRONG?"



BUT AFTER WORKING HIS WAY THROUGH THE CROWD IN THE STANDS AND WAITING HIS TURN IN LINE, BRODY "RUNS AGROUND"

SORRY BUDDY, I CAN'T CHANGE AH 'FIFTY'! ASK THE FOLKS IN LINE!

BUT-DUH-A

CORNDOG 25¢

MY NAME IS BRODY I AM TOTALLY HELPLESS SEVERELY OVERWEIGHT AND RETURN ME TO SECT UNIT 10 RIGHT THANK YOU

**BUT-
DUH-A**

CORNDOG
25¢

AND STILL HE SEARCHED

RAP DOZ ANYBODY IN
TOWN
PROARRRRR
HAVE CHANGE
FOR A FIFTY!! **RAP**
RAP

MAYDALE
BOONDOCKERS

DOZ ANYBODY IN
THE
BOARR
HAVE CHANGE
FOR A FIFTY!!

MAY DALE
BOONDOCKERS

NO! NOPE

NO NAW NO! NOPE
KAINT HELP YA BUD! NO! SORRY NO NO NO

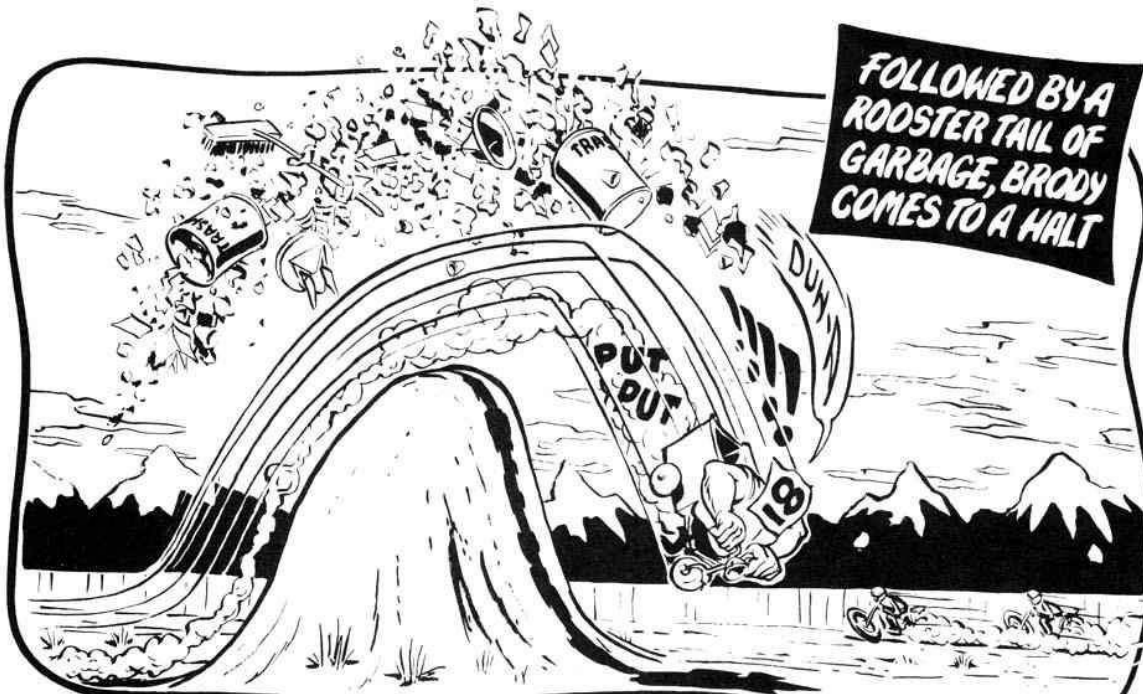
MAYDAIF

THERE WAS ONE HOPE & BRODY PURSUED IT. "THE CROWD IN THE PITS!"

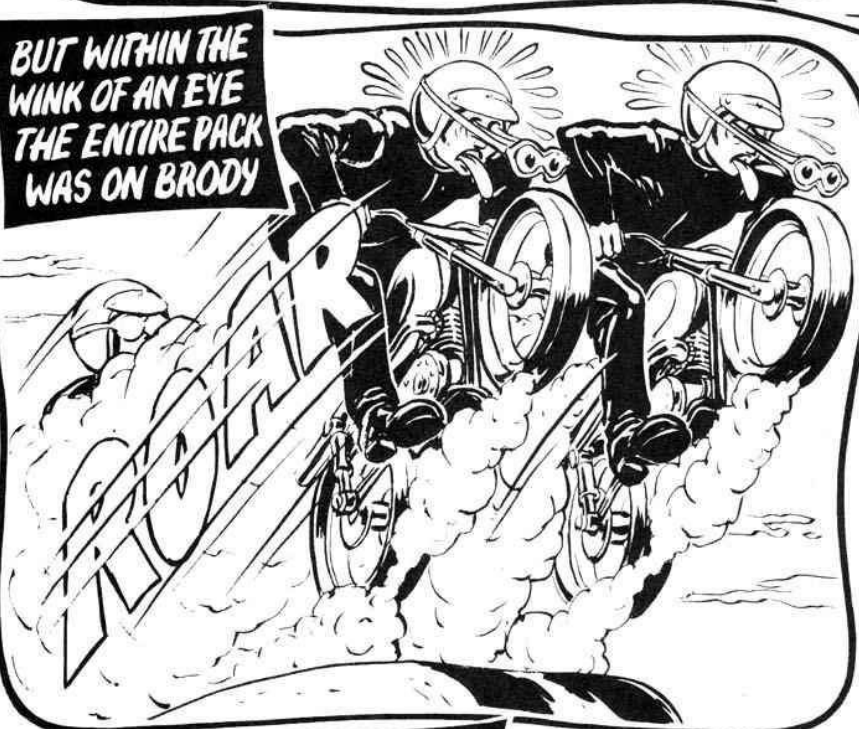
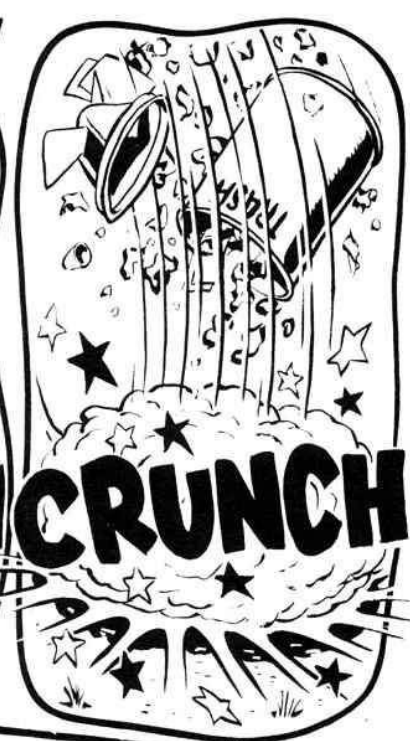
HERE'S MY CHANCE
TO CROSS, DUH-A

**BLINDED BY HIS NOTE
FROM TRAVIS, BRODY HAD
NO HINT OF WHAT
LAY BEFORE HIM ...**

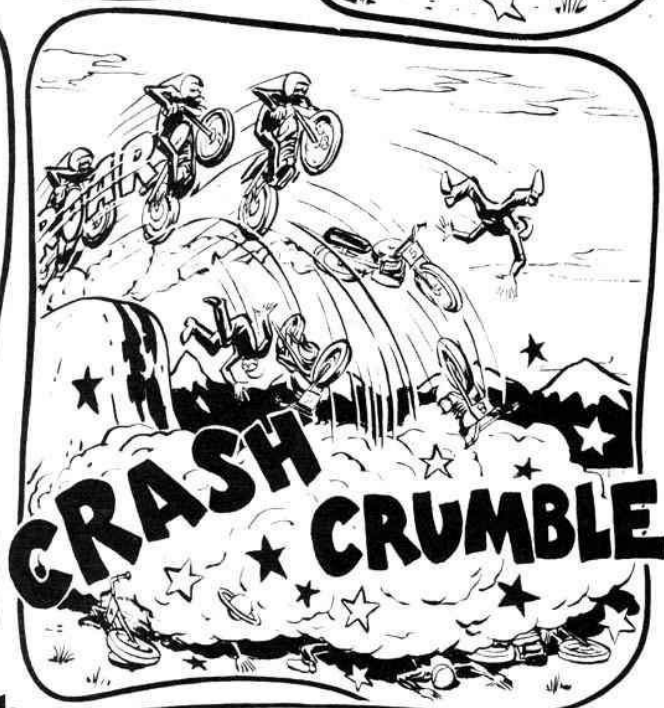
HYDRAIC



FOLLOWED BY A
ROOSTER TAIL OF
GARBAGE, BRODY
COMES TO A HALT



BUT WITHIN THE
WINK OF AN EYE
THE ENTIRE PACK
WAS ON BRODY



AND ON THE 28TH LAP
PANDEMONIUM REIGNED SUPREME



THAT NIGHT

WELL IF IT WASN'T ENUFF HAVING THE
RACES BROKEN UP BY SOME TROUBLE MAKER, MAC
AT THE CONCESSION STAND SAYS, AFTER THE
COMMOTION DIED DOWN, SOME YOKEL PAID
FIFTY DOLLARS FOR AH CORNDOG !!!



END



What's all this jazz about keeping your feet on the pegs . . . I'm doing just . . .

Two Reelers



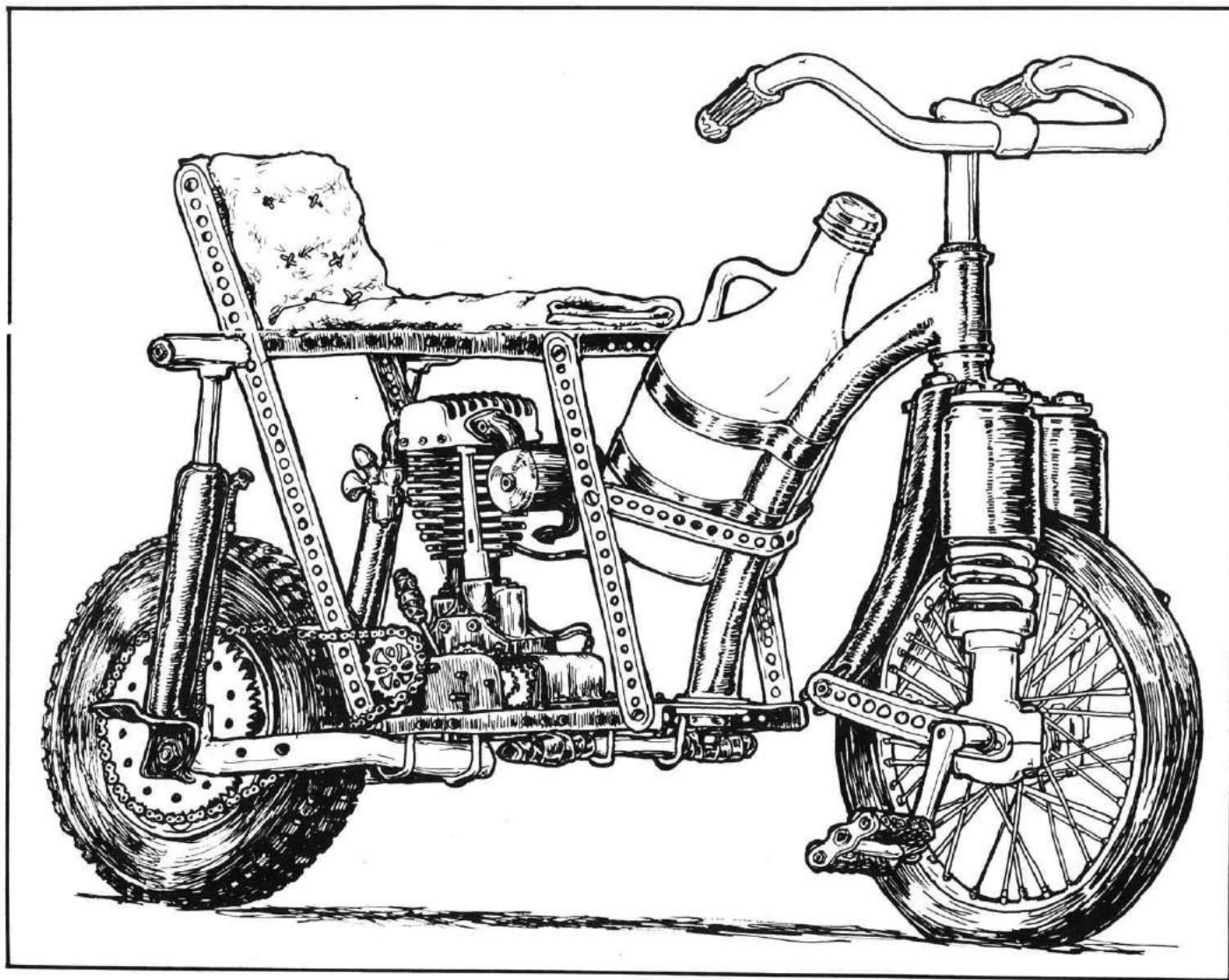
fine!

Note;

Not too long ago, or far a way, we sat and thought about Gunnar Lindfors. We wondered if he was: for real, well, alive. At that very instant who should spring into our offices but the one and only Hank Hinton. "Out" we shouted "Go find the ill-famed Gunnar" we said. Later that same year, Gunnar showed up at our door in guise of a postman with the following cartoon thing. He told us that Hank Hinton had run into him at a meeting of Friends of the Boer War Club and told him in no uncertain terms to get over to CYCLE-toons, which he did. The reason we told you this little story isn't because we thought you'd like it or find it interesting. It's because the type we ordered didn't fit and we had to fill up this space.

How to build your own mini bike for under ten dollars or twenty days.

Our test bike was constructed in three days from materials found around the house and yard, for a total cost of \$9.82 (82¢ for friction tape and \$9.00 for beer). In case you don't live in a house where nothing has been thrown away since the spring of 1917, most or all of the materials needed can be found by prowling through a second hand store or hijacking a dumptruck.



WHAT TO USE

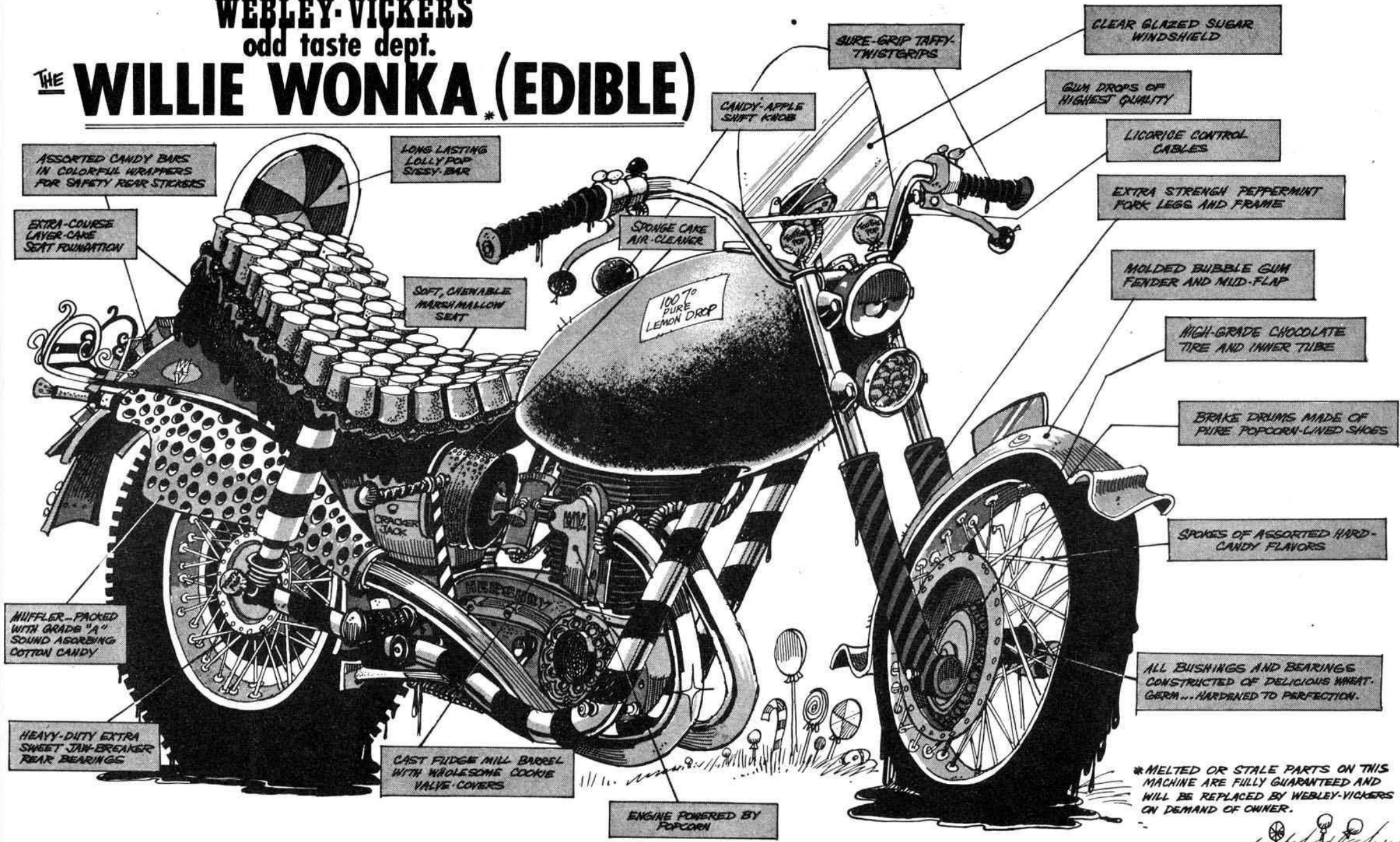
THE FRONT END was made from a tricycle front end, with the forks reversed and some discarded Ford shock absorbers added to create Earls-type front forks. The rim off a soap box racer was laced onto the trike's front hub (the pedals make a dandy emergency power boost).

THE FRAME: the front down tube was again part of the tricycle, while the main frame, skid plate, and seat were made from an Erector Set. The seat was upholstered with a folded towel securely sewn to the frame. The gas tank was made from a two gallon bleach jug (cheap, colorful, and can be detached to save having to lay a five buck deposit on that dented jerry can when you run out of gas). The foot pegs are a simple length of pipe, with friction tape wrapped around the ends. The swinging arm was made from part of a deceased lawn chair and two bicycle pumps. The rear wheel was rescued from a wheel barrow.

THE ENGINE AND DRIVE TRAIN: engines of dubious power and problematical horse power can be found almost anywhere; the one on our test bike comes from a Vohm and Bloss portable bench generator. The drive train was made from an aged pump gear, a bicycle chain, and a buzz saw blade (116 to 3 ratio). The clutch is the entire gear set up from an Erector Set motor; giving the bike a three speed transmission (2 forward, 1 reverse).

WEBLEY-VICKERS
odd taste dept.

THE WILLIE WONKA (EDIBLE)



ASSORTED CANDY BARS
IN COLORFUL WRAPPERS
FOR SAFETY REAR STICKERS

EXTRA-COURSE
LAYER-CAKE
SEAT FOUNDATION

LONG-LASTING
LOLLYPOP
SISSEY-BAR

SOFT, CHEWABLE
MARSHMALLOW
SEAT

SPONGE CAKE
AIR-CLEANER

CANDY-APPLE
SHIFT KNOB

SURE-GRIP TAFFY
TWISTERSIPS

CLEAR GLAZED SUGAR
WINDSHIELD

GUM DROPS OF
HIGHEST QUALITY

LICORICE CONTROL
CABLES

EXTRA STRENGTH PEPPERMINT
FORK LEGS AND FRAME

MOLDED BUBBLE GUM
FENDER AND MUD-FLAP

HIGH-GRADE CHOCOLATE
TIRE AND INNER TUBE

BRAKE DRUMS MADE OF
PURE POPCORN-LINED SHOES

SPOKES OF ASSORTED HARD-
CANDY FLAVORS

ALL BUSHINGS AND BEARINGS
CONSTRUCTED OF DELICIOUS WHEAT-
GERM...HARDENED TO PERFECTION.

MUFFLER...PACKED
WITH GRADE "A"
SOUND ABSORBING
COTTON CANDY

HEAVY-DUTY EXTRA
SWEET JAW-BREAKER
REAR BEARINGS

CAST FUDGE MILL BARREL
WITH WHOLESOME COOKIE
VALVE-COVERS

ENGINE POWERED BY
POPCORN

* MELTED OR STALE PARTS ON THIS
MACHINE ARE FULLY GUARANTEED AND
WILL BE REPLACED BY WEBLEY-VICKERS
ON DEMAND OF OWNER.

BARRETT



Hogg Ryder's Motorcycle Nitemare



Two Reelers



This young lady is holding:

A Martian Egg?

A Martian?

All they ever found of her late boyfriend,
the football player?

A simple, down to Earth, all American er . . .
what do you call those things again?

OVER THERE



Letters to this column should be addressed: **OVER THERE/CYCLEtoons**
8490 Sunset Blvd. Los Angeles, Calif. 90069 (Servicemen only)

It's now 3 am in the morning over here in beautiful Viet Nam. You may be asking what would anybody be doing up at 3 in the morning. I'm keeping company with a nice silent M 60 machine gun. In other words, I'm on guard and I hope the gun stays nice and quiet. I'm looking for a nice and active girl. She should be — — —. All she has to do is fill in the blanks and she's got it made. The age doesn't matter either. As for me, I'm 20 and stand 6' 2". I weigh around 180 lbs. It's been awhile since I weighed myself, mainly because they don't have too many scales over here. It gets depressing over here when the letters are short, so make it a long letter. When it comes to race, I'm particular, it's got to be either Black, White, Red or Yellow. Anyway, write soon or I might forget what the states are like.

SP/4 LYLE ZIMMERMAN
532-54-5749
73rd AVN SAC Box 162
APO San Francisco 96530

I am a guy in the Army for a few years and I would like to hear from some girls between 16-20. My thing is mail, I just can't get enough of it, so how about helping me out?

PFC DAVID PRESSEL
460 82 5962
HHD, 15th Mp. Bde
APO New York 09227

I dig your mag, it's really cool, keep it up and them coming. I dig cycles and chicks. So if any chicks want to write a lonely GI, I am 19 years old, 5'10", weigh 170, have green eyes, brown hair, stationed in Viet Nam.

PFC JIM WILLIAMS
HHC, 54th Gen. Spt. Gp.
APO San Francisco 96312

Check it out, man, like I really dig your mag and like, they are really groovy. I'm planning on getting me a chopper when I get back to the world. At the moment, and for a few more months, I'm over here in the Nams. Dig it, I'd like for all groovy chicks to drop the kid a few lines, between the ages of 16-22. I'm 19, dig cool music and all that other good stuff, such as CYCLEtoons.

PFC JAMES C. McNEIL
252-84-4576
Co C, 101 Aun Bn
101 ABN Div.
APO San Francisco 96383

Well, I am a Mopar man myself as I have a 71 Road Runner 440 mag 6 ph, 4 on the floor, Ansen sprits all the way around. I also dig bikes and good looking girls too. I'm 19 yrs. old. It. brown hair, blue eyes, 6'2", 155 lbs. I read your mag whenever I can get ahold of it in the PX. Well, if any of you girls between 17-19 want to write, please do.

PFC THOMAS WORSWICK
559-92-2133
57th Avin. Co. (AsLt. Hel)
APO San Francisco 96494

I am a lonely 20 year old GI and I am stationed in Viet Nam doing my thing in the green machine. I really dig your wild mag and I can't wait until I get home and ride my own set of wheels. If there is any cool chicks from the ages of 15-21, that digs bikes and has the time to write to a lonely GI, please do so.

SP/4 CHARLES P. GRAVES
253-86-7382
528th QM Co. (PS)
APO San Francisco 96308

The first time I saw your magazine was about 4 weeks ago and ever since then, I've been turned on to it. When I want to trip, all I have to do is read a CYCLEtoons which will blow my mind. I would like it very much to exchange thoughts with some young lady, 18-20. I am 6', black hair, brown eyes, well built to a T, interests are many.

PV2 ELDRED L. BOYD
554-78-5538
Btry C 4 Bn 43 Arty
APO Seattle, Wash. 98749

I just finished reading your mag. It's really far out. I'm presently in the Marine Corps and stationed here on Okinawa. You can really get homesick for an American chick. So if any of you groovy American chicks care to write to a lonely serviceman, please do.

LCPL WO MILLER 2456206
H & MS - 36 Mag - 36 (S-1)
1st MAW,
FPO San Francisco 96602

I dig bikes but unfortunately mine is locked up many miles away. I lay here dreaming of bikes and mail, of which I

get very little. So would appreciate any mail from girls, 16-19.

JOHN M. KALLHOFF
508-66-8733
Co. E 2/502 Inf.
101st Abn. Division
APO San Francisco 96383

I've been reading your magazine for four months. I never knew there were so many lonely people in the world. Well add two more to your collection. It seems that we GIs never get any mail. So all you lovely and lonely ladies out there, any age, write to either of us Soul Twins.

PFC. CLAUDE L. BERRY
H.H.C. 2nd Bn. 4th Inf.
Mortar Platoon
APO New York 09154
PFC. JEROME TRAPP
H.H.C. 2nd Bn. 4th Inf.
Mortar Platoon
APO New York 09154

Dig it! I am an old type GI once each. I dig wheels of any make but mostly choppers. I dig this rag you call a mag because I can catch my super hero, the Ol' Poop. He is my kind of man, he has some good rap, and most of all, because he gets all those groovy chicks. Don't I wish I could be so lucky. Well, any hoo, if any tuff grand moms out there want to rap to a dude of 27, dig it, I'm here. I guess I could make an exception, and write a young chick, but she would have to be super tuff.

SGT. ROGER MILLER
B Btry. 4th Bn. 1st Arty.
Ft. Story, Va. 23459

CYCLEtoons is really far out. I'm one lonely Airman in need of letters from female types 14-? This base I'm on has 4 things to do: duty, chow, booze, and sleep. I'm 19, 5'11", have black hair and brown eyes and would like to correspond and exchange photos with all chicks from everywhere willing to write or print a few lines. If there are any girls who will help keep the cobwebs out of my mail box, please write.

AMN PALMER GERRY W.
CMR Box 8
Whiteman AFB, Mo. 65301

I just finished reading all the Spoke Ups and it was really great. I'm a little tired of the Ol' Poop getting the best of my man, Hogg Ryder. My name is Dan and I'm 5'7", have sandy blonde hair and in outstanding physical shape. I'm heavy on the Harley XLH and love every minute of it. I'm a Corporal in the U.S. Marine Corps and very lonely. The back seat of my machine is getting a little cold though. I sure could dig on a good woman to take up the empty space back there and in my heart. I'm a fast acting and fast moving kind of guy so be prepared for nothing but fun and great times. So be kind and drop me a few lines, cause this machine is running out of time. I would like to hear from young ladies from the ages of 17-20. Please write to this lonely guy.
L/CPL D. W. DISSLER
 2654474
 G-1 Camp Smith Hawaii
 FPO San Francisco, Ca. 96610

I just got my Oct. issue of CYCLEtoons. I like it the most except in the female line. I wish some good looking chick would just write some nice letter so we could know each other. I'm 28, 5'6", dark brown hair, blue eyes.
SP/4 JERRY HEDGEPEETH
 241-66-5088
 Co B 10th Eng. Bn
 APO New York N.Y. 09330

I picked up this rag of a magazine in the PX today. It wasn't too bad, but I think Hogg Ryder should ride all over the Ol' Poop once in a while. I am 20 years old, 5'9", brown hair, green eyes. I weigh 170 lbs. All girls from 16-20, write, it gets pretty lonely up here.
SP/4 ROBERT KLECKER
 570-86-0035
 Troop F/16 Cav
 APO SE 98749 Alaska

I just read your Sept. issue of CYCLEtoons. I noticed the Over There column and decided to write. If there are any girls willing to write to a lonely service-

man, I would appreciate it. I'm 6'3", brown hair, blue eyes and weigh 229 lbs. Any girls interested, please write.
AMN. DAVID B. BALDWIN
 Box 1162 Cmr. 2 3280 S/S
 Sheppard AFB, Texas 76311

Your magazine is really far out. It is together. I am stationed as a medic in Texas and I would like to hear from girls from Texas and Calif. especially since Calif. is my home state. The Army can lighten up if you have some mail. I would like to hear from girls 18-25. I am 18, 6', brown hair and half Apache. I have a dirt bike and a Honda 450.

PV2 MITCH HOFFMAN (RA)
 547-80-2012
 Co. C 2nd Bn Tle USAMEDTC
 Ft. Sam Houston, Texas 78234

Attention: all chicks from 16-26, 5'6" and under, I am a pitifully lonely soldier boy in these United States Army. It's very lonely sitting in the barracks every night with nothing to look at but one picture and 45 guys. I would like to hear from you all because its really getting me down. Things that turn me on are women, sharp bikes, hot cars, and beautiful snowmobiles. Snowmobiles because I am a resident of Wisconsin. Snowmobiling is one of the greatest winter sports in Wisconsin. I once owned a 90cc cycle. CYCLEtoons is really neat cause there's always nothing to do and it helps pass the time a heck of a lot.

PVT. GARY TANNER
 Co. C 1st Bn. 5th AITBDE
 Fort Polk, La. 71459

I am requesting a female correspondent, cycle lover, I am a member of the United States Army and am presently stationed in Fort Polk, La. 16-26 year old fun loving outdoor cycle riding type females. I am a lonely soldier presently in Louisiana but will be going to Korea shortly. I would like to correspond with any interested female as long as she stays interested. I dig sharp bikes,

sharp women, CYCLEtoons, and excuse me, cyclists, sharp cars. I'm also for and against Women's Lib, whichever the lady prefers.

PVT. MICHAEL F. WEUMAN
 388-60-8712
 Co. C. 1st Bn. 5th AITBDE
 Fort Polk, La. 71459
 (2nd Plt.)

December made your mag, only thing wrong — Hogg doesn't ever make it. Why doesn't someone besides Dr. Watson, straighten him out. I'm in Uncle Buster's Navy. Do what he says or he'll bust ya! I'm 19 and am from Indiana. Anybody want to write to an air borne sailor? Honda lives.

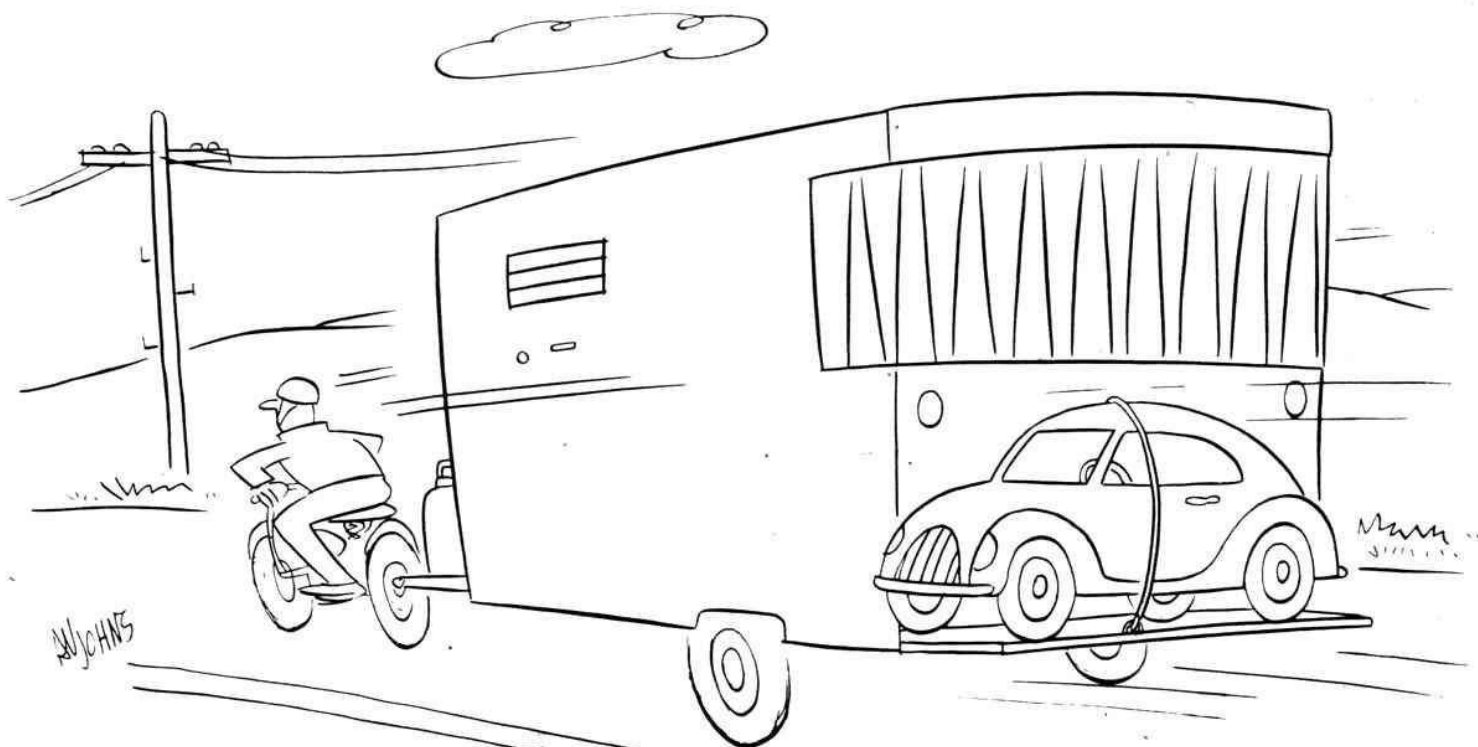
AEAN DAVID WRIGHT
 FAETUPAC
 NAS North Island
 San Diego, Ca. 92136

I just read your Oct. issue and really enjoyed it. Hogg Ryder lost again (darn). I'm a 20 year old biker from Montana and would like to hear from a gal, 19-20, that digs all kinds of music, including country & western. I've been playing guitar for 8 years, have taken many bike trips, love water skiing, snow skiing, and hunting. I have been in Germany for 5 months and have about 16 left, and am very lonely. Please write about anything you like.

PFC JEFFREY D. KELLOGG
 517 62 0384
 Co A 793 MPBN
 APO New York 09696

I just read your Aug. issue of CYCLEtoons. I enjoy your mag, dig. I'm in the Navy and on a carrier. I'm 18 and lonely, my girl left me. I'm looking for any chicks between 17-19 to write.

FRANK JULKE
 D 51 11 86 S-1 Div.
 USS Oriskany CVA-34
 FPO San Francisco, Ca. 96601



DEWEY CYCLES

— BY —
NELSON CYCLES



"...YES, OFFICER?"



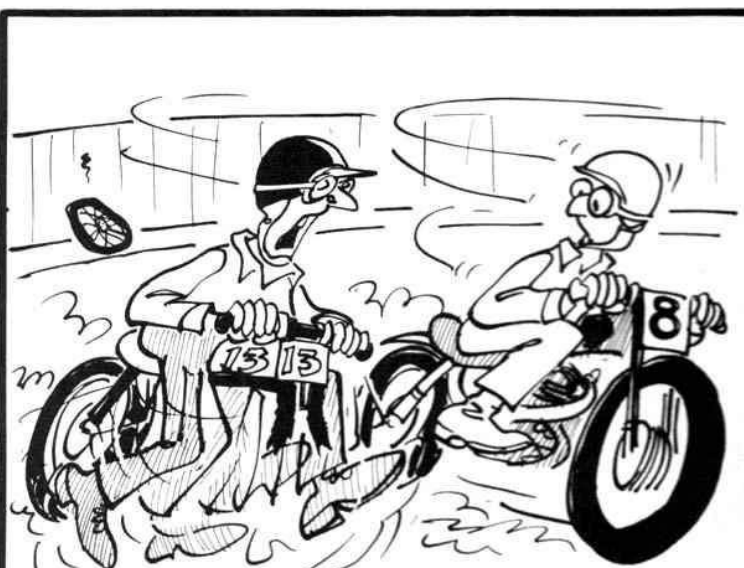
"...OKAY-- HOW WOULD YOU
STREAMLINE A UNICYCLE?"



"OH YEAH? AND I'M BOZO THE CLOWN..."

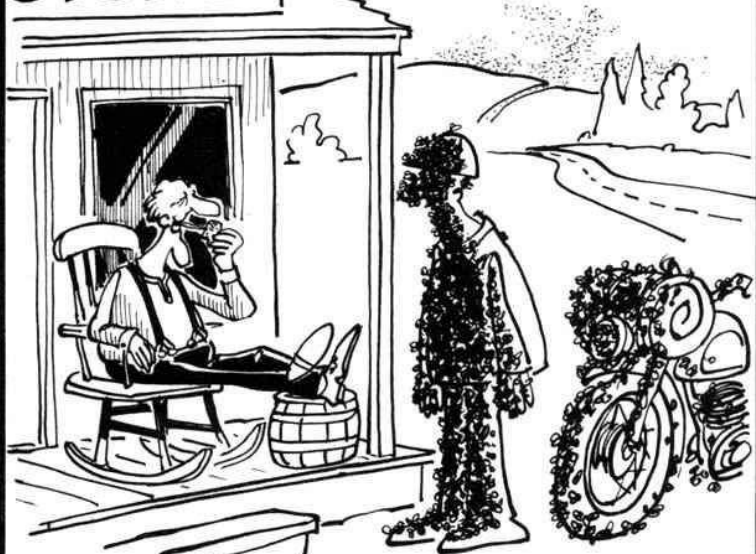


"IF GOD HAD INTENDED FOR MAN TO
RIDE MOTORCYCLES, HE'D HAVE...GIVEN...HIM..."

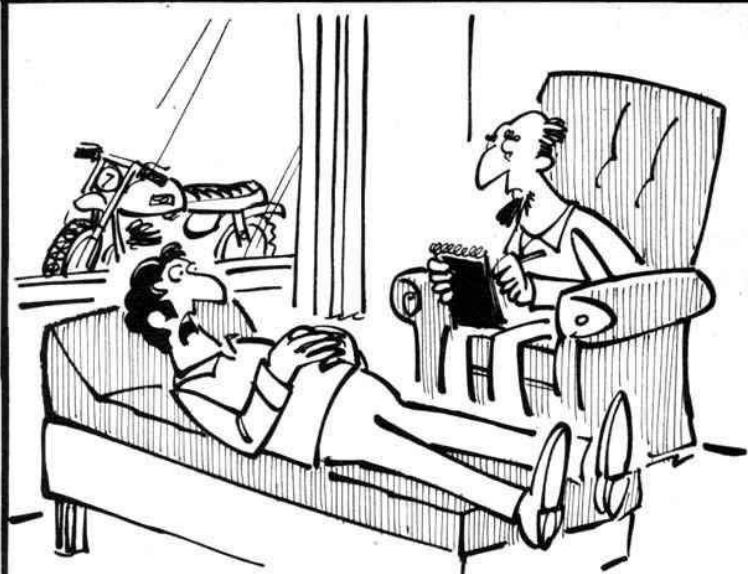


"QUITTING JUST ISN'T IN
MY CHARACTER, BABES!"

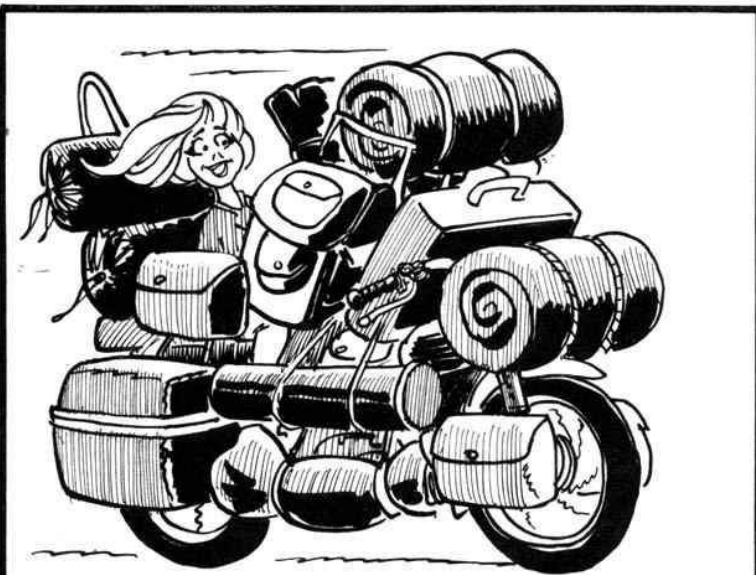
STORE



"YUP--WORST LOCUST SWARM IN 42 YEARS!"



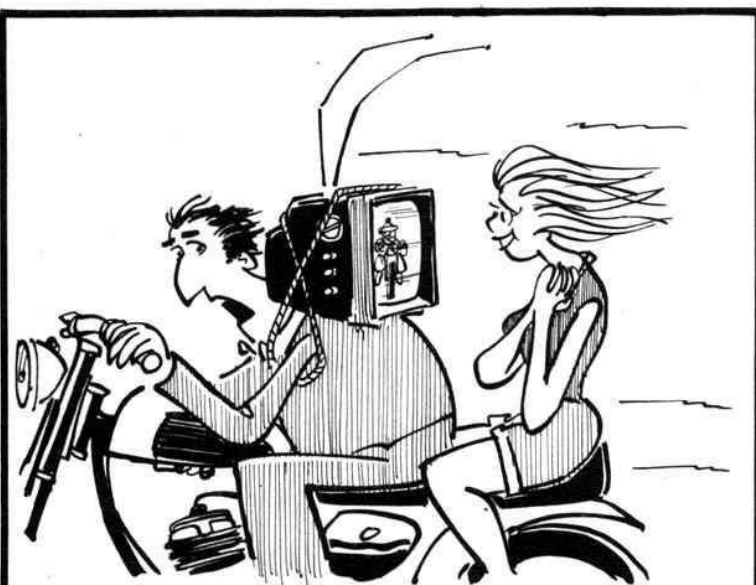
"I HAVE THIS NIGHTMARE --WHERE I LOSE THE BAJA 1000...TO A LIBRARIAN IN AN EDESEL..."



"WOW, LUV--I WAS AFRAID YOU WOULDN'T FIND ROOM FOR EVERYTHING!"



"...OH, I MANAGE TO GET AROUND OKAY..."



"COULDN'CHA MISS A 'BRONSON' RE-RUN JUST ONCE?"



"...FILL WHAT UP...?"

NELSON DEWEY

SCARLET STREAK

...THIS SLUMTHIN' I SHOULD
HAVE DONE YEAR'S AGO...
...GOING INTO TH' CYCLE
SHOP BUSINESS!



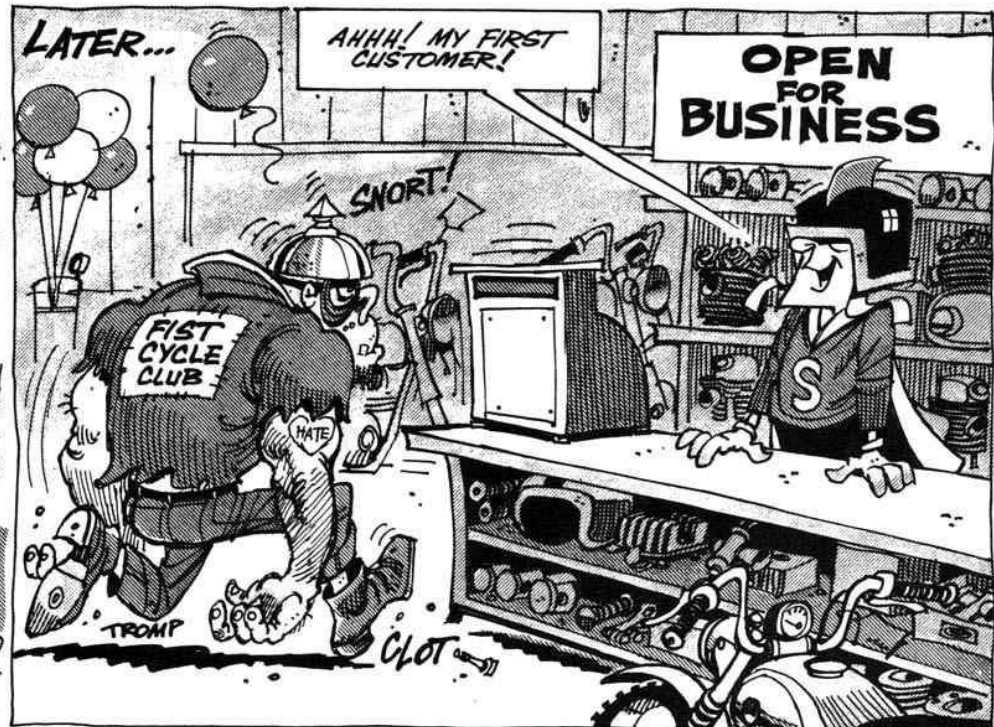
...WHY NOT? I KNOW
THIS BUSINESS BEST!
I OUTTA MAKE A
BLOOMIN' FORTUNE!



LATER...

AHHH! MY FIRST
CUSTOMER!

OPEN
FOR
BUSINESS

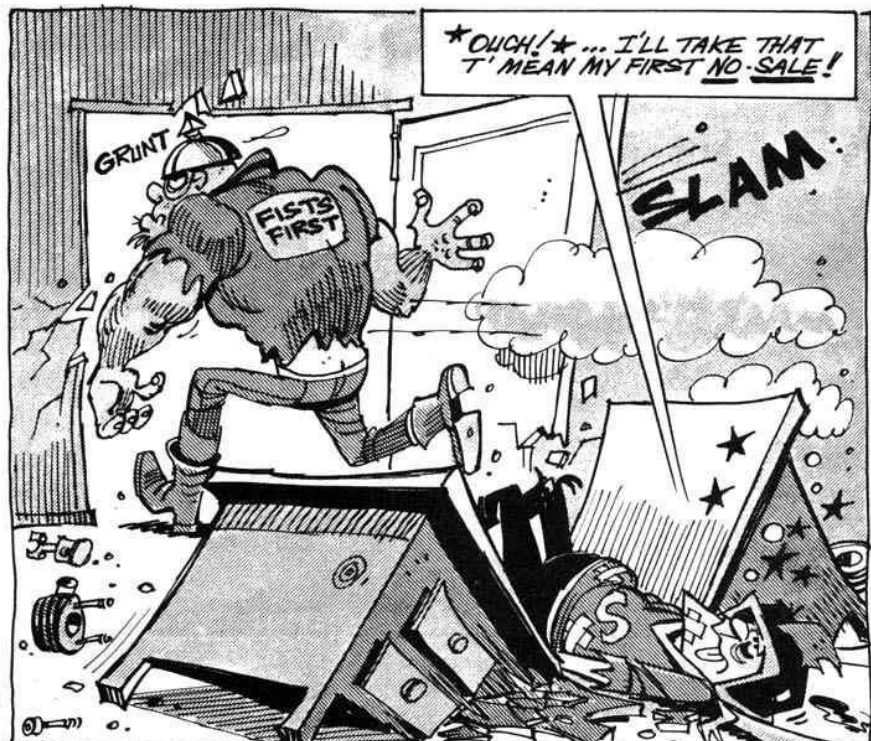


...GRRRR! I NEED A CHROME-
MUDFLAP FER A 1910 XL-80-
ELCELLSOR RUN-A-BOUT!
...AN' YA BETTER HAVE IT!!

...ER... SORRY!



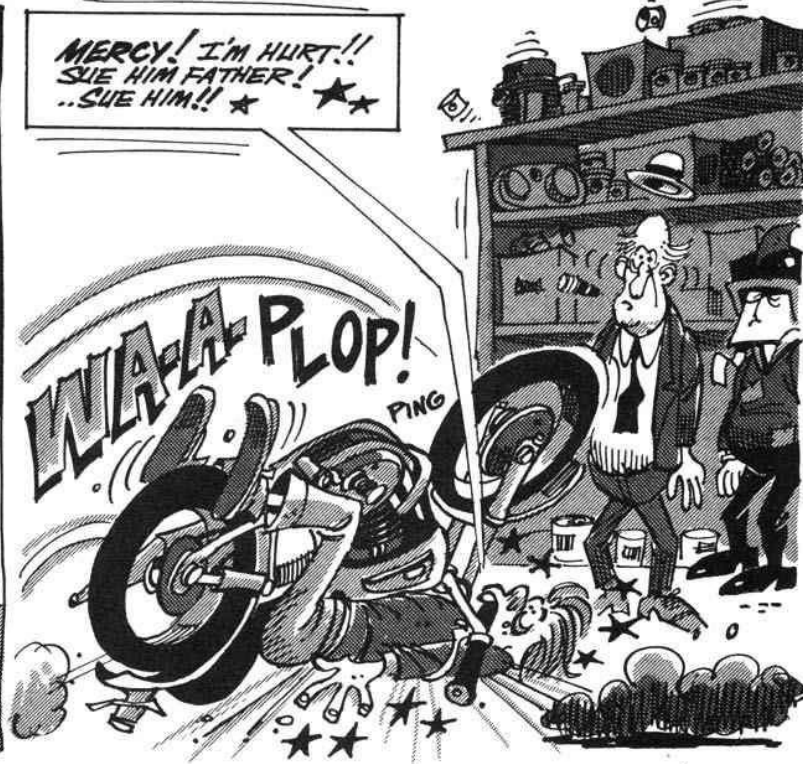
OUCH! ... I'LL TAKE THAT
T' MEAN MY FIRST NO-SALE!



...BEFORE POP BUYS IT FOR ME... I GOTTA MAKE SURE IT'LL POP A WHEELIE!



MERCY! I'M HURT!!
SUE HIM FATHER!
...SUE HIM!! ★★



...YOU'LL HEAR FROM MY
LAWYER IN TH' MORNING
YOU CRUD!



OOOFF! I CAN
HARDLY WAIT FER
MY NEXT CUSTOMER!
(GROAN!)

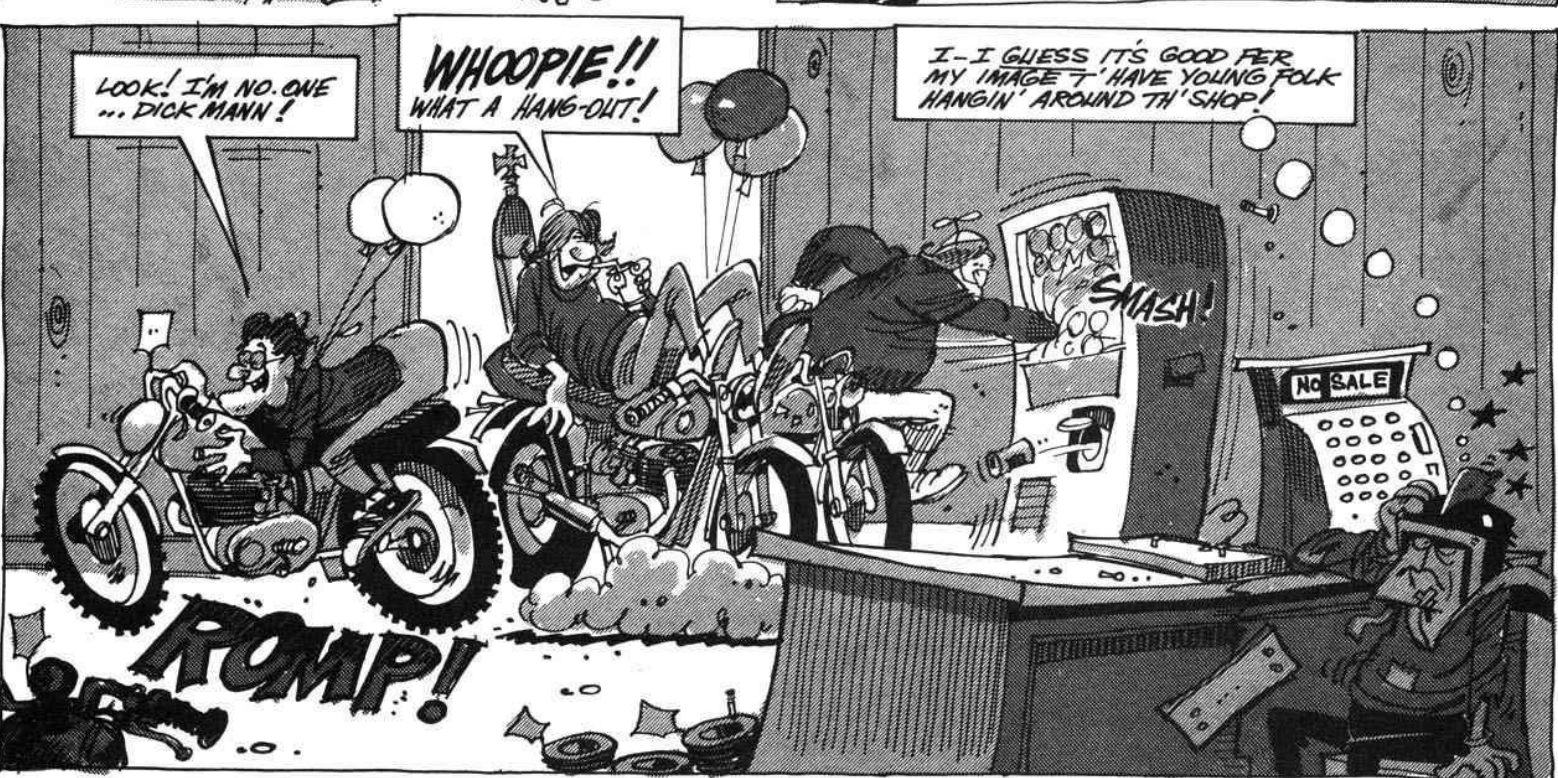
...HERE WE ARE, SPORT!
YER NEW STEADY LOAFERS
... WE DON'T BUY ANYTHING
BUT COKES FROM THAT
GROOVY MACHINE OF YERS!

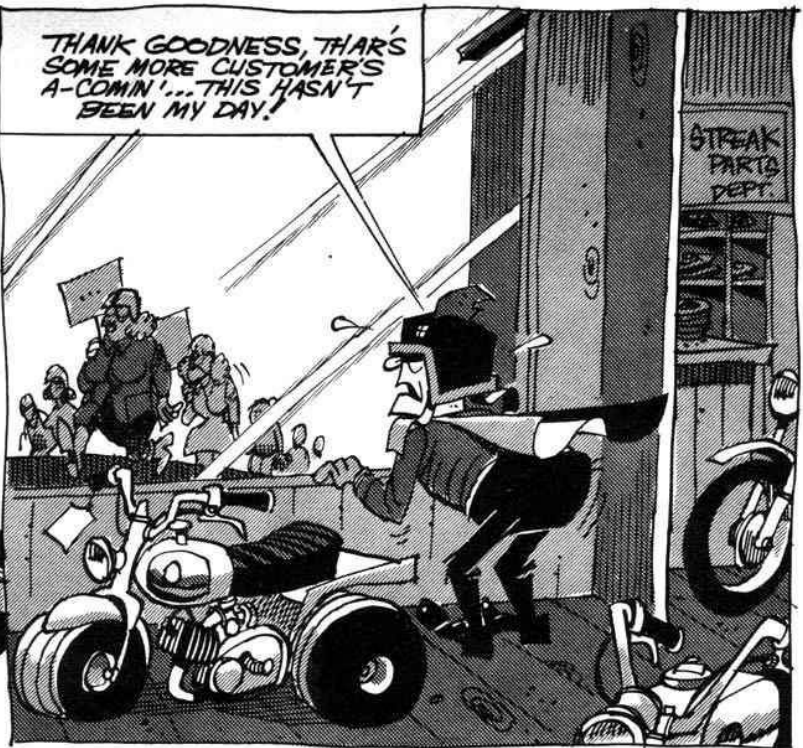


LOOK! I'M NO ONE
... DICK MANN!

WHOOPIE!!
WHAT A HANG-OUT!

I-I GUESS IT'S GOOD FER
MY IMAGE T' HAVE YOUNG FOLK
HANGIN' AROUND TH' SHOP!





Cycle Chix Two

Sharon Ethridge



Webley-Vickers Gas Tank Decals

Directions: Cut out, paste one on each side of tank, coat with clear sealer.

Hoohah! And now, once again for the first time anywhere it's time again to fool your friends, fool your enemies, fool fools! Yes, Burfred, fake out those squares with these Webley-Vickers gas tank emblems. Imagine the looks you'll get when you tool into the local soft drink stand and blow a few dozen minds! People will go crazy, you'll be either the talk of the town or run out of it! Remember . . . you saw it in CYCLEtoons!

If you don't own a bike, or a tank, then you can paste these on binders or over book covers or maybe over a friend's mouth!

Webley-Vickers

CYCLEtoons

Webley-Vickers

CYCLEtoons